

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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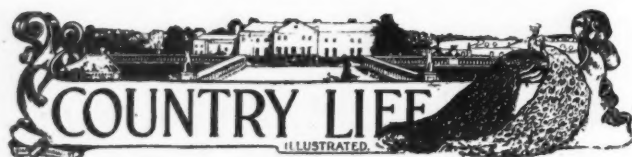
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MRS HUGH PEEL.

179, New Bond Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. IV. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

DISFIGURING ADVERTISEMENTS.

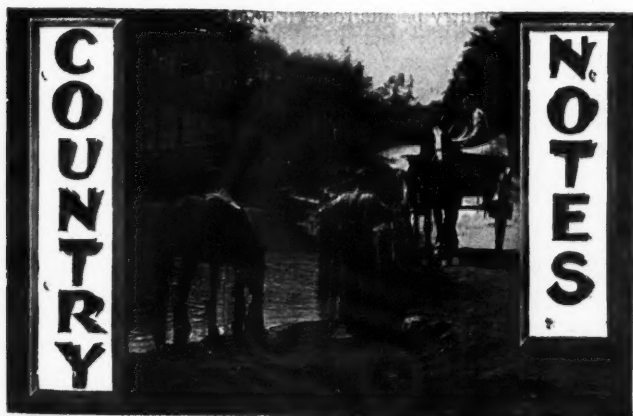
THE current number of the *Westminster Review* contains a vigorous protest against the spoiling of scenery by advertisements. The writer, Mr. Richardson Evans, does not confine his attention to the hideous placards which now disfigure the main routes, by road and rail, into the country. But the County Council is strong enough and willing enough to deal with the abuse of advertising in London. It is the "creeping disfigurement" of all kinds of outdoor scenery other than that in the centres of industry with which we are more particularly concerned. It is an abuse which spreads daily, and is far more difficult to check than in the more concentrated areas of towns under a single controlling body. Hideous advertising in the country is a recent invention, and, though its increase is

gradual, it sprang into life "full-grown," so to say, in a night. Most of our readers will remember the sudden shock with which on leaving London some few years ago they found the fields adjoining a hundred miles of railway—north, south, east, and west—placarded with advertisements of patent medicines. This converting of the fields and valleys to what had been regarded as among the uses of a London hoarding or underground railway station, provoked a strong, and, as we gather, a very general feeling of disgust. The writer in the *Westminster Review* takes a less confident view. He assumes that of every hundred persons who see these disfigurements, at least eighty have no strong feelings either way, and that those who would be willing to exert themselves to abate or stop the nuisance are not more than five per cent., a proportion which would be balanced by another five per cent. who make profits out of the spoiling of scenery.

This neatly-balanced calculation would leave us hopeless if we agreed with it. But we rather suspect that even Mr. Richardson Evans himself is less pessimistic than his figures show, and is endeavouring to enlist our support by under-estimating the battalions on the side of the amenities of Nature. Taste is almost entirely a matter of education, and the area limits of the so-called "educated" classes are daily extending. So also is the liking for the country, and the delight in rural scenery. It is urged that in these bad times the owner or occupier of land ought to be permitted to make the last possible farthing, and that any interference would be a hardship. This argument would have weight in Parliament, which very properly considers questions of necessity first and of taste afterwards. At the same time, the sums made as rent for ugly advertisements are so small, as compared with the injury done to scenery, that the general feeling that there is something unfair to other people in this means of private gain is probably justified. Cases in which something which one group of people prize is injured by the action of other people who do not prize it, but despite it, are always difficult to provide for by general legislation. Yet when local bodies have to deal with a particular instance, they are very frequently successful. It is also a great injustice to suppose that farmers and small land-owners are indifferent to the beauty of their fields, or a sordid and perverse generation in matters of taste. Where else but in England do we find farm-houses and their surroundings so replete with beauty, with such pretty gardens, plantations, and well-kept hedges and buildings? Thousands of farmers spend more money in prettily thatching and ornamenting their barns and ricks than they would get from any advertising firm for leave to set up posters. We knew one successful agriculturist who got the better of the disfiguring advertiser in a way with which everyone will sympathise. He found one morning that all his gates abutting on a main road were placarded with the offensive advertisements of a quack medicine manufacturer. He at once brought an action against the latter for disfiguring the gates. The action was compromised only on condition that all the gates should be repainted. As the advertiser had been very thorough in his business, this meant the cost of repainting fifty gates, with their posts and rails. The farm has looked quite smart ever since.

If the advertising plague is to be treated on its merits, it will be necessary to establish that the public has a kind of property in natural scenery, and that any private person who damages this form of public property ought to be restrained from doing so. We rather doubt whether this or any similar grievance, if checked at all, will be checked for the reasons which plain people bring forward for doing so. That is not the way of social legislation. The increase of "sky signs" in London, for instance, was forbidden not because they were hideous, and ruined the effect of good and costly architecture adjacent to them, but because they were unsafe, and a source of danger to the public. In the same way flashing advertisements in the streets at night are being objected to because they sometimes frighten horses. But no one can contend that unsightly advertisements are dangerous to health or to traffic in the country. But it is still open to argue that scenery is something which everyone has a right to enjoy, and that natural beauty is at the same time a source of public wealth which no one has a right to destroy for his own purposes. It would be quite reasonable for the Town Council of Bournemouth, for instance, to enact that no one should put up offensive and hideous advertisements in that town or its environs, on the ground that it is the beauty of the place which attracts visitors, and conduces thereby to the general prosperity of the place. It is the rule on some of the large estates, if not of the town authorities, that the pines, which make so great a part of the beauty and attraction of Bournemouth, shall be kept standing round the houses. But all rural England is now becoming a playground, and either is deriving wealth, or will derive it, from those who come out of the cities to enjoy outdoor life and the beauties of scenery. Country districts as a whole are really interested in stopping advertising disfigurements, just as Bournemouth is interested in preserving its pines, or Eastbourne in stopping street music on Sundays. This is an argument for granting powers to local boards to control this

nuisance. We think it might well be done, and have not the least fear that such powers would be used oppressively. It is not every advertisement, but some advertisements only, to which such general objection is taken. No one objects, for example, to the large notice-boards in black and white mentioning that parcels of land are for sale. They are temporary, disappearing when the land is sold, and there is nothing unpleasant in the information they convey. But flaring posters, set up permanently, and designed to catch the eye by obtrusive colours, to act as reminders of matters not concerned with the locality, and of which we would prefer not to be reminded at all, are matters to which local bodies could take objection. If Parliament enabled them to pass bye-laws dealing with the nuisance, there is ample precedent besides the cases of Bournemouth and Eastbourne. It is illegal to pour out black smoke from chimneys, and people can be compelled not to do so. This is "taste" legislation, for smoke in the air is rather wholesome than otherwise. There is legislation to prevent the pollution of rivers by other matters than sewage. It is not legal to make offensive noises in the streets; why should it be legal to set up offensive objects in the lanes? Cases of very great abuse of the power to offend the eye—and, through the eye, other feelings—have been rather frequent of late in rural districts. Instances in which some ugly or offensive building or outhouse has been raised on private land opposite inhabited premises, merely as an annoyance after some personal quarrel, are not unknown, and there is no legal remedy. We do not see why the public at large should not protect themselves against the same kind of thing done in a large way. The beauty of this country is a form of national asset. It is one which it is easy to spoil, and very difficult to reconstruct. Much has to be spoiled in the pursuit of the manufacturer which gives the indispensable material comfort of life; much also in the building which the increase of population makes necessary. There is the greater reason why we should preserve what is left, either from invasion by what is hideous, or the written suggestion of things unpleasant.



AT last the celebrated Test Case taken to the House of Lords from the Court of Appeal, on the vital question of whether or not a race-course enclosure is a "place" within the meaning of the Betting Houses Act, has been decided, and fortunately for the future of the National sport, and the prosperity of thousands of people, in an eminently satisfactory manner. This affair began, it may be remembered, with an action brought by a Kempton Park shareholder against the Company to restrain them from keeping an enclosure for the purposes of betting. This action was heard in the Lord Chief Justice's Court, and he, being bound by the decision of Mr. Justice Hawkins and five other judges in the Court of Crown Cases Reserved in a similar case, was compelled to give judgment against the Kempton Park Company. This decision was at once challenged in the Court of Appeal, where it was promptly reversed, only one judge, Lord Justice Rigby, dissenting. In order to effectually clinch the matter, and to have the law on this important point made plain for ever, the gentleman who brought the original action now appealed to the House of Lords, who, after taking eight months to consider their judgment, have at last confirmed the decision of the Court of Appeal. Thus ends, once and for all, every doubt about a matter on which there could be but one common-sense opinion, and in connection with which the obscure technicalities of a practically obsolete law would never have occupied the attention of the judges had it not been for the action of those who hate everything connected with horse-racing.

There is nothing in the fishing way of special interest except the recent take of a great fish of 38lb. out of the Avon at Ringwood. They all run large there. The rivers have been running down after the floods, and ought to be in good condition, but results have scarcely been equal to promise. It is often so, and the ways of fish are hard to fathom. It is a far cry from salmon

to sardines, but it is interesting to note that in the Bay of Biscay the sardines are reported to have deserted the Spanish for the French coast, and that this is generally considered to be due to the fact that a big whale has been cruising about for some time off the Spanish side. They even got an old harpoon into him off the mouth of the Bidassoa, but the harpoon did not bite properly, and the creature got off—perhaps luckily for the harpooners. We are not suggesting whales as an explanation of the unaccountable vagaries of our salmon and sea-trout, but the fact is interesting as indicating that the movements of fish, that seem so mysterious, may perhaps be due to quite simple, though quite unexpected, causes.

The difficulty of renting a decent bit of salmon fishing increases every year. How unhappy it seems to us that we were not born fifty years ago, when magnificent fishings were to be had for the proverbial "old song." Now no amount of the most novel singing can give even a rich man just what he wants, and the poor man has a poor chance indeed. We know of a certain man to whom "money is no object," as the saying goes, who had to wait eight years before he could get a river that suited his requirements, and that a Norwegian river. Not only have fishermen increased, but the netting at the mouths of British rivers and in Norwegian fiords has greatly increased too. We have in our mind an excellent little river in Norway, wonderfully sporting, with all its fishing to be done from its rocky banks, that used to be a perfect salmon-fisher's delight. To-day it does not hold a fish. It runs out through a very narrow fiord, and the perpetual netting has stopped down the fish so thoroughly that any survivors do not seem to think it worth while trying to get up. These are the reflections that make the angler more than ever contemplative.

Salmon-trout are to be placed in the Thames at Sunbury, in the hope that they will spawn there, and that either the fish put into the river or their progeny, or both, may find their way to the sea and return to our first river. The fish is exactly like a salmon in miniature, and runs up to 6lb. in weight. The breeding sea-trout come up the rivers in June and July usually, and by October are spawning. There is, we believe, no record of where the ancient spawning-beds of the sea-trout were in the Thames, but as the bed of the river is gravel, they might deposit the ova anywhere where the current is fast. They were a common fish in the London river as late as 1680.

We should gather from the communications of our correspondents, if from no other source, that the revival of hawking and falconry in England is steadily gaining ground. Apart from its votaries in this country, it receives increasing support from officers who have acquired a taste for falconry in India, where the ancient sport is carried on still in perfection by native gentlemen. There as here the peregrine is the mainstay of the falconer, though small hawks are also trained and flown at quail and doves. We hope before long to give our readers some account of Indian falconry. The drawback to its popularity to-day in this country is the actual difficulty of obtaining suitable hawks. There are no goshawks left, peregrines are very scarce, and merlins uncommon except in Scotland and Ireland. Sparrow-hawks are difficult to train, and not large enough to fly at rabbits, flying at which is the best form of sport with goshawks. The almost complete protection of peregrines throughout England and Scotland will no doubt increase the number of eyries before many years, but the good birds—even those taken from the nest, and not "passage hawks"—will always be costly.

Rook-hawking will soon be in full progress. The members of the Old Hawking Club obtained last autumn an exceptionally good lot of "passage hawks" in Holland, and these were brought over and wintered by different members of the club. The performances of these birds will be one of the main attractions of the meeting of the club on Salisbury Plain this spring, though it is doubtful whether the previous record of the best falcons will be beaten. The stone curlew, though yearly becoming rarer, is also flown at on Salisbury Plain. Why should not Army men who have taken to falconry in India form a club, and obtain permission from the War Office to use the 60,000 acres acquired for manœuvres on Salisbury Plain as their hawking ground? It is a unique opportunity for such an enterprise.

When the Siberian railway has opened up the sport of Central and Eastern Asia to English big game hunters, there is every prospect that Mr. Rhodes's Central African Railway will be well under way beyond the Zambesi. His interviews with the German Emperor and his Ministers seem likely to end in interesting Germany in the project. This will mean an increase both of capital and of political support. Our only fear is that

unless some effective control of the native tribes is established early, the big game along the line may be killed out before the British sportsman gets a chance.

In Egypt, which is the very best wildfowling country in the world, some sporting regulations are greatly needed. As everyone knows, the Nile Valley is the great highway and gathering-place of most kinds of European migratory water-fowl and waders during the winter. It is also the home of immense quantities of African birds, especially wild geese. The ease with which guns and ammunition are now obtained makes it possible for any native to go "gunning," and no licence is needed. The fine red geese suffer especially. The "Capitulations" make it impossible to enact a satisfactory game law at present.

All evidence unhappily seems to show that the ibex are practically disappearing from the Pyrenees. Lately the writer of this note had an opportunity of questioning one who had been up the mountains for some time in hopes of a shot, but had failed to see an ibex. His evidence was to the effect that the numbers of the ibex had come down, so far as he could judge from what he heard and from what he did not see, to a single herd of some thirty or so. Distributing this number over the whole area of the Pyrenean mountains, you do not get your quarry very thick on the ground. Of bear he saw no trace, and is inclined to conclude that they are extinct. The Pyrenean chamois, the izard, he saw in fair numbers. It may be interesting to contrast this record with the account of sport in the same country given in the *Life of the late Sir Victor Brooke*, by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Twenty years ago, at the least, would be the date of Sir Victor's trips into these mountains. Game was scarce and difficult to come by then, but it appears to be infinitely more so now. My informant was neither so skilled a naturalist nor so famous a big game shot as Sir Victor Brooke, neither had he the same local knowledge, but he is not without a certain experience as a big game shot and naturalist, and is not at all likely to be mistaken in his facts—which facts indeed all other evidence corroborates fully. But if the sport was scarcely to be mentioned, the views of the mountains under snow and the whole surroundings he described as delightful. There is also excellent trout fishing to be had in some of the streams and, more especially, some of the lochs in the Pyrenees, but it is still too early for that.

Only last week we wrote in these notes, in reference to the possibility of the existence of animals as yet unknown to science: "Africa can, of course, always be counted on for a surprise." Before the words were in print, almost, came the news that the scientific expedition to Socotra has discovered, and actually despatched to the Zoo, a living specimen of a new kind of wild ass. Animals of this kind are, of course, of little interest to the sportsman, though the kiang, or wild horse, is sometimes shot by Englishmen in Tibet. Few sportsmen familiar with that country, however, can have failed to be strongly tempted to "loose off" at one of these brutes which by its ridiculous curiosity has spoilt what would have otherwise been a successful stalk at more valued game, for few escape this extremely annoying experience.

Mr. W. H. St. Quintin sends to the *Field* a very bad case of the destruction of golden eagles just when they are nesting. It is in the form of a letter from a collector's agent, and runs as follows:

"March 2nd.
"SIR,—I have just received a fine Scotch golden eagle. Would care to purchase it (if not sold) either as a skin, £2, or stuffed, £2 10s., or in case, £5 5s., glass sides and front? Are you open to buy a live one? I expect any moment to receive a wire saying one has been secured. If so, it could be sent direct to you from Argyllshire, where it would be captured. Price would be reasonable—£2 to £2 10s. or so, I expect."

The number of these birds which come into the hands of Scotch bird-stuffers yearly is pretty well known. For the last four years these have been mainly young birds which have not begun to breed and are wanderers. This has been taken as evidence that the old breeding eagles are protected, as, indeed, they generally are. The above is clearly a case where they are not protected, or where the keeper tries to make money by disobeying his master's orders.

The good results of bird protection by law are shown by a welcome piece of news from Norfolk. The bearded tit—the "reed pheasant" of the Broads' dialect—had almost disappeared before the Acts prohibiting its destruction or the taking of its eggs were passed. Now, according to *Nature Notes*, it is increasing, and on one estate seven nests were found last year. The owner of this property has purchased 600 acres of adjacent fen, which seems likely to be haunted by the same species.

This is a striking instance of the way in which landed proprietors preserve rare species. Such cases are not uncommon, and deserve public recognition. But to purchase additional land in order to protect a bird is an act of devotion to Nature of a specially graceful kind.

We are to have five 23-knot cruisers, according to the present Naval Programme, three of which will be small vessels, probably not equal to encountering the heavy 23-knot commerce destroyers now being built by France and Russia. Since the increase of the Navy ceased to be a party question, everything in connection with naval construction has been satisfactory except this matter of the speed of our cruisers. The battle-ships are fast, heavily armoured, and are built with astonishing rapidity. The destroyers have exceeded all expectation, and the last are now able to go 10 knots faster than our fastest cruisers. Meantime we have not a single ship of the latter class which could maintain on a voyage across the Atlantic the same rate of speed as the great passenger boats. On the Measured Mile in trials their speed does not exceed 20½ knots. There should be no difficulty in building cruisers of all sizes to make 23 knots easily, and Sir E. J. Reed is quite right in calling attention to the fact that the Armstrong firm has for years been turning out for foreign Governments cruisers able to steam from 22 knots to 23 knots, with armoured protection.

The coming of spring always brings the tramp nuisance to the doors of country houses. The professional tramp hibernates like some other unpleasant creatures in winter. In March or April he leaves the workhouse or the slums, and his filthy and microbe-carrying presence haunts the sweet country-side till October. It is more difficult to resist the personal appeals of the tramp in the country than in town. His apparent misery appeals to kindly people in comfortable houses, who forget that most of the worst attacks on isolated and helpless persons in cottages or on country roads are due to these prowlers of the roads. If all country people refused to give, there would be no tramps. As it is, they generally do give, and it is the boast of old hands on the road that any little rustic town "well-begged" is worth a sovereign. They also receive tribute in kind. A Spalding policeman who apprehended two tramps last week found in their pockets beef, bacon, bread, cheese, tarts, custards, and cheese-cakes, and told the bench that plum-puddings, mince-pies, and eggs were commonly presented to tramps by kind-hearted and weak-minded sympathisers.

Why do not some of our kind hosts who can afford it take a leaf out of the American book and give us train-parties—parties on a special train that travels to various points of interest? It seems to be a form of hospitality comparatively common among the rich men in America, the train carrying its dining and sleeping cars, and being practically independent. To the best of our knowledge nothing of the kind has ever been done here. Distances, of course, are short, and private cars are quite the exception. Still, we could imagine a pleasure-trip down to the Land's End, then up, *via* the Severn Tunnel, through Liverpool to Glasgow, thence to Oban, and then, with a short run back again, up the Highland Line to Inverness. Thence a day's trip Strone Ferry way, and again a trip up to Thurso, if you please, and Wick. Back by way of Aberdeen, the bridges of Tay and Forth, Edinburgh, Newcastle, York, and the East Coast route to London. Such a trip could be varied by throwing off branches into Norfolk from Peterborough, or into the Midlands. Or, again, a short trip might be taken to Ramsgate, and round the South Coast of Kent and Sussex to Brighton, or even to Southampton and Bournemouth, and so home again. It is a suggestion that will share the fate of all impertinent suggestions—it will never be acted on, but it is rather amusing to contemplate its possibilities. One may speak of it as possible, for all our chief lines are now of uniform gauge.

Railways can now foster or kill most of the side industries of farming, such as fruit growing, vegetable raising, and dairy produce. The Great Eastern Railway, for instance, did an immense service to the distressed agriculturists of Suffolk and Essex by organising the traffic in fruit, flowers, and vegetables. The authorities even provided the proper boxes at their country stations to pack these commodities in. The Covent Garden fruit-buyers now draw attention to the other side of the picture. They protest against the amalgamation of the Chatham and South Eastern Companies, because this will put the whole fruit industry of Kent at the mercy of a monopoly. As it is, things are bad enough, as fruit has been delivered from six to twenty-four hours late. When the strawberry season comes on the fruit would be ruined by such detention.

The old cut glass, heavy, translucent, and when the table is well illuminated looking like crystallised light, is once more in fashion. Strong though it was, there is very little of it left. It was originally very costly, and was almost entirely confined to the tables of the wealthy classes, who a hundred years ago were not a twentieth of their present number. Unlike Chippendale chairs and book-cases, this good glass was not purchased in any quantity by the farmers or the traders, who were contented with roughly-blown decanters for their wine. The brilliantly cut specimens of old glass now being brought out of country house store-rooms were meant to go with the fine table equipage of those wonderful dinners, at which "side dishes" were real side dishes, put down with the roast and boiled game, fowls, tongues, and hams on the sides of the table, while the joints were at the top and bottom. These were all on Sheffield plate dishes, with covers to match, and hot water below to keep them from growing cold while the joint was carved.

The glass, now so keenly sought for, appeared mainly in the third and fourth courses. The various compotes of cake and cream came up in the heavy cut-glass dishes. Some of these were set in silver stands, and carved into the shape of flowers; these stands often had crystal pendants. Celery was brought round in a tall, deeply-cut cylinder, on a stem, and a cut-glass jug held water, not champagne, and always stood on the table, with two big "rummers" flanking it.

When the cloth was removed the glass once more displayed itself. The brilliantly cut decanters were set in silver stands with box-wood bottoms, these being covered on the outer side with cloth, so that the polished mahogany might not be scratched. The finger glasses were cut, but the port and sherry glasses were often plain. In the centre of the table were usually four large egg-shaped vases, with covers cut in diamonds, and filled with candied fruits. These gave a beautiful bit of light and colour, and with the whole of this equipage reflected in the dark mahogany, with which the old green dessert services were meant to contrast, our ancestors enjoyed their wine in sumptuous, if old-fashioned, surroundings.



WHAT would people who live in the old Goodwood country do without Mr. Kay and his harriers and staghounds now that Lord March has given up the foxhounds? It is, in fact, an ideal hunting country of the wilder sort. There is no mistake about the fact that you have to keep with hounds if you mean to see sport. Last season I had a bad fall, and had to go to the seaside for a time. Every sportsman well knows that as soon as a hunting man can sit on a horse he must go out, and I found myself one day at the meet of the South Coast. A neat little deer-cart, a pack of smart foxhound bitches, and a small number of men on very blood-looking, bang-tailed horses



SOUTH COAST STAGHOUNDS: THE MASTER.

was what I saw. There was no show or fuss or crowd, and the deer was uncared without any uncouth yells; nor did anybody attempt to ride her—I think it was a hind. Never shall I forget the run that followed. Deer often run a ring at starting, but this one went away pretty straight. And how those bitches ran! There is only one way to see a staghound run, and that is to start with the hounds and stick to them while you can. We ran over a country as wild as it was picturesque, and eventually took our deer at (I believe) Pulborough. After hunting in Leicestershire all the early part of the season and again later I had no better run. The sport this season has been good, but though I had meant to have a day with them, it has not so far been possible.

On Tuesday we combined hunting and redcoat racing, for the Royal Horse Guards had their point-to-point over the familiar ground at the foot of Burrough Hill. Mr. Baird's fixture at Tilton was put off till 12.30; for are not the "Blues" excellent supporters of the Cottesmore Hunt? Lord Binning and Captain Fitzgerald have each had houses in the country, while Captain Gordon and Lady Sarah Wilson are as regular on Cottesmore Tuesdays as the Master himself. It was a good race, and any one of the first three—Mr. Harold Brassey, Captains Gordon Wilson and Mann Thompson, who finished in the order named—seemed possible winners to the very last. The weather was most brilliant, and the whole scene was very inspiring in the clear morning air. It was the best run of the day, for the sport was but indifferent afterwards; but what can you expect with no scent and crowds of foxes? The day was so pleasant it was difficult to cavil, and at least we learned, those of us who cared to watch, that the hounds had plenty of music and could hunt—we have long known that they can go. Then some disquieting rumours about the Mastership were removed by the intelligence that Mr. Baird intended to hunt the country as

before, and we saw our excellent huntsman, Gillson, in the saddle again, though I am by no means sure he would not have been better at home for his own sake.

The Belvoir at Three Queens was no better for sport, and altogether Wednesday was a most disappointing day. Thursday I devoted to the Hunters' Improvement Society, and it seemed that two hard cross-country riders like Lord Orkney and Mr. Gerald Hardy made capital judges. I heard very few objections to their decisions. For my own part, I was pleased with the success of Yard Arm and his stock, for I have ever upheld in print and in talk that he is the right type of hunter sire, and in every way superior to the much-praised Marion in the stock he gets. In the show-ring the latter would always win no doubt.

The Quorn on Friday was a disappointment on the whole. I could give you a list of the people who were out or those who were absent, but of the sport I need write but briefly. Mr. Chandler told us he had an outlier on his farm, and thence we trotted from Kirby Hall, where Mr. and Lady Angela Forbes had been entertaining us. The start was hopeful, and hounds ran with rare dash and drive just at first, and the field gave them none



S. Cribb.

THE KENNELS.

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too much room. With a brace of foxes in front of us, hounds sooner or later were bound to split up, and after this there was no more sport. It was one of those days when scent was so indifferent that hounds could run a fox about as far as they could see him and no further. In the afternoon scent was better, and a really enjoyable little ring from Barkby Holt and Lack again by way of Keyham was enjoyed by the riders, more perhaps than a description of sport so trivial and uneventful would be by the readers. On the whole this was the worst week we have had this season. Mr. Gerald Hardy, of the Atherstone, is laid up through a very nasty fall. Captain Lonsdale is to be the new Master of the Bicester. So far as I can learn, there are no changes of any importance other than those which are already known.

The fast-dying season has been rejuvenated during the past week to no small extent by two excellent days' sport. On neither occasion was scent of the burning order, but on both days we crossed some of the best of the South-down country, and the sport enjoyed was directly owing to the marvellous hunting powers of the little bitch pack and the great skill and perseverance shown by Fred Funnell, their huntsman. On Monday the meet was at that very exposed spot, Ditchling Beacon. Home Patch produced a fox without delay, but, unfortunately, he got to ground almost immediately. A Stanmer Park fox then took hounds to the Withdean coverts, and was there given up. By this time it became manifest that scent was bad, and, even with the prospect of a draw in the vale before us, we hardly expected to bring off much of a run. After Stanmer Park had been again visited, this time without result, the order was given for the Middleton coverts to be tried. At Sedlow Wood a find was effected, and hounds were soon running merrily through the adjoining covert, Brock's Wood. Our quarry crossed the road, entered Plumpton Wood, and then turned to the left. The pace now for three or four fields was very fast, but slow hunting became the order of the day as we approached Street Green. Before the railway line was reached a left-hand turn was made, and near Newton's Farm hounds ran a small circle, which I expect was owing to a brace of foxes being on foot. Presently we found ourselves back at the Middleton coverts, and here our quarry was viewed. We again ran to Brock's Wood, but this time our fox bore to the right, and ascended the Downs a mile or so to the left of Ditchling Beacon. Streethill Farm being to our right, the pack ran slowly to Ashcoombe Bottom, and here were reduced to very tedious hunting. At this juncture, by the greatest good fortune, I happened to espy a little brown object crawling up the ridge of the hill on the far side of New Gorse, and a few minutes afterwards Fred and his hounds were on the spot, and the situation was once more saved. The pack now hunted on to Coombe, and in the valley below, just as darkness was coming on, this gallant fox yielded up his brush, after a chase lasting fully two hours.

I was unable to get to Piltdown Down on Wednesday, but am informed that only moderate sport resulted. On Friday Tottington was the place of meeting, and of course the first covert to be drawn was Tottington Wood, where a fox was soon found. After running a short circle just outside the covert, he finally went away to Truleigh Osier-bed, and then on to Stonestaple's Wood. A good pace was maintained until Newtimber Wood was reached, and here several more foxes were soon on foot, with the result that the hunted one managed to make good his escape. After spending some little time in the wood we ran on to Newtimber Holt, where hounds were compelled to acknowledge defeat. We then trotted off to Perching Wood, and in a few minutes one of the best runs



Photo.

GOING TO THE MEET.

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we have seen this season in the Friday country began. Edburton was soon left behind, and then the Downs were visited at Truleigh Hill. Our fox, however, soon returned to the vale, and ran through Tottington Wood, and then on to Hooe Wood. Just beyond this covert a long check occurred, but presently Fred succeeded in hitting off the line near Oreham Common, and then hounds ran at a nice pace in a southerly direction until Tottington Brook was reached near Truleigh Sands Farm. Hooe Wood afforded our quarry a temporary shelter, and then Tottington Wood was entered on its eastern side. Over the grass we galloped once more to Truleigh Osier-bed, and then followed a left-hand turn, while a little brook-jumping was once more indulged in by the field. Hounds now slowly and surely worked up to their fox, which had set his mark in a northerly direction. A nice line of country now took us towards Woodmancote, and then our fox made one more desperate effort to get to ground; but hounds were on him in a moment, and thus this good fox, which had been amusing us right merrily for some two hours, fell an honoured victim to those relentless bitches who in a single week have scored a double triumph for themselves and their huntsman.

X. & Y.



LORD DELAMERE, the date of whose marriage to Lady Florence Cole—Friday, June 30th—was announced the other day, is, as most sportsmen are aware, a mighty hunter of big game. During his recent expedition into East Equatorial Africa he made a valuable collection of zoological specimens, some of which he is presenting to the Natural History Museum, while others are being arranged in a special room at Vale Royal. Lord Delamere succeeded,

besides, in taking a number of photographs of African animals, such as elephants, giraffes, zebras, antelopes, gazelles, and so forth. They are to be included in a new book called "Great and Small Game of Africa," which Mr. Rowland Ward is to publish shortly, and will reproduce not only the features and positions of beasts in their wild state, but characteristic bits of African scenery. The photographs cannot fail to be of considerable interest both to scientific and field naturalists. In the first place, specimens of the rarer species of African antelope are to be found in none of the zoological collections. Secondly, the sleek, listless beast in captivity gives a very misleading idea of the same deer when its foot is on its native plains. In the same way an African lion, that has been shot and stuffed, may look rather ragged about the mane, but if the taxidermist is equal to his work the flabbiness observable about most animals born and bred in captivity will be entirely absent.

It is good news for botanists that Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff has undertaken to write a biographical notice of the late Lord de Tabley for his work on the "Flora of Cheshire." Lord de Tabley was a man of varied pursuits, a poet of no mean order, a charitable critic of other people's poetry, a bibliographer, and lastly—or should we invert the order when writing for COUNTRY LIFE?—a botanist. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff's qualifications for his task are beyond dispute. He will be in thorough sympathy



Photo.

ENTICED INTO COVERT.

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with the literary side of Lord de Tabley's character, and there is the recently published selection from his Indian diaries to remind us what an ardent collector of botanical specimens he is. Some of the reviewers have rather resented the tremendous dissertations on trees and ferns which he has inflicted upon them, but that is another affair. The ex-Governor of Madras will be putting his tastes to excellent purpose by writing a biographical preface to a book which, though confined to a single county, will be of considerably more than local interest.

Local colour seems to be diligently sought by conscientious editors and biographers. Mrs. Humphry Ward has been preparing for her prefatory notes to the new edition of the Brontë novels by a stay in the Haworth neighbourhood. Those who like good literature should be grateful to her. There is hardly room for a new biographical study of that gifted and short-lived family of sisters, but Mrs. Humphry Ward is quite capable of accomplishing for them the explanatory criticism that Mrs. Richmond Ritchie has written for the works of her father. In a similar spirit Professor W. J. Knapp came to the conclusion that his "Life of George Borrow," which Mr. Murray has just published, could be written at Norwich and nowhere else. He is perfectly right. As a matter of fact there are many still living in the old cathedral city who remember the author of "Lavengro." Besides, Borrow, though a nomad by habit, was an East Anglian by inclination. Dr. Knapp will have deserved well of all who admire wayside England if he disinters from the heap of legend that has overwhelmed him the real, brave, brilliant man who studied vagrant life as no one else has ever done, especially the gipsies when they were still a pure race, and not, as they are rapidly becoming, a mongrel mixture of trampdom.

Editors and reviewers sometimes nod, but it was rather startling to find Mr. C. F. Keary's "A Mariage de Convenance" noticed not long as if it were a new novel. At least there was no indication whatever that the review dealt with a book that appeared so far back as 1889. Some publishers—among whom Mr. Keary's publisher, Mr. Fisher Unwin, is not to be included—are partly responsible for confusions of this kind. They intimate that the book has reached its second or third edition in such microscopic type that the announcement may be pardonably overlooked, more particularly in the case of a writer who produces one or two volumes every year. Still it is rather hard to be "cut up" many months after you had imagined that the vivisectionary process was over. Instances have even been known when a publisher, having failed, sold his business to another firm, and then the poor author had to run the gauntlet a second time, without even the consolation of having been paid in full for his labours.

The comparison of the Dreyfus case with the trial in "Alice in Wonderland" is very stale. But the *Manchester Guardian's* parallel from "Catriona" of David Balfour's speech at the trial of James Stewart for the Appin murder is new to us, and it should at least serve to send readers back to their Stevensons.

The announcement that the committee of the William Black memorial may produce an alternative project to the placing of a lifeboat somewhere in the Hebrides is rather alarming. It is a familiar experience with those who promote undertakings of the kind that nothing damps down the enthusiasm of the liberally-minded more completely than a change of plan. Besides, what more fitting way is there of commemorating the author of "The Princess of Thule" than by providing for the safety of the sailors who occupy their business in those fine but dangerous waters which he loved? Most people who know their Black—and who does not delight in his earlier and better novels—will probably agree that Lord Archibald Campbell's idea could not be improved upon. It is to be hoped that it will not be supplanted, and that the subscriptions paid in to Messrs. Coutts will defray the necessary cost.

A novel that will be looked for with interest is "Siren City," by Benjamin Swift. The scenes of the story pass in Naples, which is the place indicated by the title, and the theme is the conflict between asceticism and paganism. Mr. Swift knows Italy, and the great conflict between the old lights and the new most thoroughly. He is now working at an historical volume in which Machiavelli and Savonarola figure. Another novel of special interest is Tolstoy's "Resurrection," which is about to begin its serial course both in Russia and abroad. The Russian censorship has dealt hardly with it, and has cut away a third of the story, or more, so that it must be a sadly marred creation out there. One advantage of not living on Muscovite soil is that we shall be able to read the story in its entirety. A singular arrangement is being made in regard to the serial issue, no individual rights being granted, but any paper that desires to use the story can do so by paying the sum of £20 to Mr. Walter Scott. When the serials have run their course, the volume will appear. "Resurrection," of course, is a novel with a purpose, which will operate against it in some minds, though it is said to be a work of great dramatic power, and to depict Russian life with dramatic strength and character.

A new boys' magazine, the *Captain*, is about to be issued, which seems to have the right essentials for success as a boys' magazine. I have seen the first number, and can confidently say that it is an excellent one. There is a very high tone, no suspicion of vulgarity, and an abundance of interest. The magazine deals with the amusements and outdoor occupations of boys and their physical development rather than with their studies. With great pleasure I observed much in the number tending to the strengthening of moral character also. Then Sandow writes on muscle development and Mr. Fry on training, and there are portraits of the captains of public schools, with many articles of interest and much good fiction. This is not a children's magazine in any way, but it is excellent for boys, say, from thirteen upwards, who are developing character at school. I do not know anything so good.

A new edition has been published by Mr. Horace Cox of Mr. Rawdon B. Lee's well-known volume on "Modern Dogs" (non-sporting division). This excellent book deals with the history, characters, and points of the breeds of dogs falling within the category, and the pictures, which are by Mr. Arthur Wardle, and are of the best, are not portraits, but illustrate typical specimens. Although Mr. Lee does not believe that the beauty, or otherwise, of a dog can be correctly gauged by points, he has given scales of points in every case. The book has special value for breeders, exhibitors, and judges. It is a standard work.

Books to order from the library:—

- "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (Hutchinson.)
- "James and Horace Smith." Arthur H. Beavon. (Hurst and Blackett.)
- "Football." The Badminton Library. New edition, largely rewritten. (Longmans.)
- "The Treasury Officer's Wooing." Cecil Lewis. (Macmillan.)
- "The Amateur Cracksmen." E. W. Hornung. (Methuen.)
- "The Kingdom of Hate." Tom Gallon. (Hutchinson.)
- "London Types." Drawn by William Nicholson. Quatorzains by W. E. Henley. (Heinemann.)
- "The Etchingham Letters." Mrs. Fuller Maitland and Sir Frederick Pollock. (Smith, Elder.)

LOOKER-ON.

The Protection of Dogs.

DOG lovers will be glad to learn that Belgium is thinking out a law to protect the dogs which draw most of the minor traffic in Liège and the towns of Flanders. Weak, sick, crippled, or vicious dogs are not to be used, nor any animal which stands less than 20in. at the shoulder; and no man or woman, unless a cripple, is to ride in the carts. The custom of using dogs in carts is one which provokes much comment from



A COSTER'S BARROW IN BELGIUM.

English visitors. Yet the dogs themselves work very willingly, far more so than a donkey, for instance. Formerly all the fish from the East Coast ports, especially Boston and Grimsby, which was brought to Nottingham was drawn by dogs, which took perishable goods to market much faster than the carriers' vans. When the carts reached the town the dogs were allowed to rest, and the hawkers pushed the carts round themselves. The accompanying illustration shows a characteristic market gardener's cart drawn by these hard-working animals.

Our Portrait Illustration.

MRS. PEEL, whose portrait forms our frontispiece, is the wife of Mr. Hugh Peel, of Brynypys, Ellesmere, Salop, and the daughter of Captain Rowley Conwy. Mrs. Peel can claim to be an ardent sportswoman, for, in addition to hunting in Cheshire, she has several times been to America to shoot big game.

THE HUNTER SHOW.

THE fifteenth exhibition of the Hunters' Improvement Society, which was held last week at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, in connection, as has been the case for many years, with the show of thorough-bred stallions conducted by the Royal Commission on horse breeding, has resulted from most points of view in a complete success. True it is, however, that there was a slight falling off in the entries in some of the classes, and that, regarded as a whole, the show of thorough-breds was a little disappointing. Perhaps, the most taking animals were Marioni, by the Derby winner, Macaroni; Pumpernickel, by Bread Knife; Four Poster, by Isonomy; Chibiabos, by Chitabob; Belvil e, by Hampton; The Tinman, by Herald; Oa lands, by George Frederick; and Creme de la Creme, by Balmoral.

So far as the Hunter portion of the show is concerned, it can conscientiously be observed that the quality of the young stock, and for that matter of the adult animals too, was superlatively good, and with a few exceptions the decisions of the judges in both sections were well received.

The young classes were admirably judged by Mr. Eustace Barlow and the Rev. Cecil Legard, who commenced well by awarding first prize in yearlings to Captain Heywood Lonsdale's nameless colt by Withernam, which subsequently received the special cup for the best colt not exceeding three years old, that looked like developing into the best hunter sire. At the same time there is no doubt that the best of the youngsters was Mr. Darrell's three year old Shannon View, by Sir Hugh; but being a gelding, this beautiful mover and perfectly proportioned chestnut was ineligible to compete for the young cup; but he took the cup for the best exhibit in the young classes. The championship of the show fell to Mr. T. D. Johns' Raby, by Knight of Ruby, a four year old, which twelve months ago secured the junior championship, since which time he has developed remarkably, having thickened out without growing coarse, whilst his splendid

shoulders and fore action are simply perfection. At the same time he does not go behind in the style of the second prize, Mr. Showell's Paleface; but no doubt the better horse won. A very charming filly, too, was Mr. O. N. Holt-Needham's Killarney, by that most successful hunter sire Yard Arm, which horse gained the honours for the sire whose group of youngsters showed the best form, to which result Killarney contributed materially, as she won the junior championship of her sex, though she will never grow into the style of weight-carrier that Mr. Herbert B. Cory's brown Satisfaction, by Red Eagle, will. The latter pressed her closely in their class, and was one of the most valuable and promising youngsters in the show, being extremely short-jointed and the possessor of exceptionally well-laid shoulders, a capital rein, and the best of quarters.

Mr. Stokes, who was particularly fortunate in the riding classes, which were judged by the Earl of Orkney and Mr. Hardy, Master of the Atherstone, won in the four year old light-weight mares and geldings with Freemason, by Silver Cannon, a very nice mover and a stylish horse; the same stable being also successful in the middle-weights of over 13st. 7lb. and not exceeding 15st., with Briton, by Belville, a real hunter-like animal, and the possessor of great substance.

At the same time, it cannot be said that the judging in this class was received with unanimous satisfaction, as the position of Mr. Walter Winans' Golden Dream, by Connaught, was inexplicable to many good judges. This horse, as recently as last summer, carried all before him at Dublin Show, which is very rightly regarded as the exhibition *par excellence* for this class of horse, and his victories were well received on all hands. Since then he has grown and thickened into a superb hunter, yet his merits were entirely ignored, the result being that the public are left in a state of ignorance as to what sort of horse to show, as the spectacle of a Dublin winner in the background at a show in England is a terrible fiasco to public form, especially when the animal affected is so grand a horse as Golden Dream. Mr. Stokes scored again in the over 15st. class with the powerful Sandow, by Poplar, which, considering his proportions, is the possessor of an immense amount of quality; and so good did the judges think him that they placed him in the reserved position to Raby for the Champion Cup. The last class was for two and three year olds suitable to make officers' chargers; but they were an indifferent lot, first prize falling to a nameless black gelding by Mackintosh, which moves well, but droops a good deal at the quarters.

The Stonechat and His Family.

WHEN you are going your ways along the waste places of the earth, on those patches of the motley coverlet of the world that seem as if they were the ragged edges—places with whin bush and strong bare ground, where a rabbit could scarcely get an honest living—here you will suddenly find yourself chatted at (not chatted with) in a most emphatic manner. There is no mistaking the significance of the language—it is all so much scolding, so much evil Billingsgate, slung at you from the throat of a tiny bird, black and white on first sight, that is flicking himself about from whin bush top to whin bush top, pausing on the top of each to "chat" at you angrily, with a flirt of his tail and a flutter of his wings at each exclamation. Never was seen little bird so angry, so restless, so emphatic. Get a sight of him closer, and you will see that he is very pretty, with a beautiful chestnut red (*chatain-rouge*) front—a very smart little bird indeed. If you happen to meet his lady, she will chat at you in just the same angry way; but, with all respect, she is not nearly so smart a person—all the tones much more subdued and modest.

This is THE STONECHAT, a bird that lives in waste places of this kind, and is insectivorous or grainivorous, as grain or insect comes most handy; he is not particular. If you will lie low awhile, you will see him at work insect-hunting. Sometimes he will fly off from his post on the whin bush, hawking an insect on the wing, just as if he were a flycatcher by name and profession. Or, again, he will alight for a moment on the tips of

his toes on the ground, peck an insect, and off and up again to the top of his whin bush. He seems to hate the ground; you never see him perched upon a stone, and yet they call him a stonechat. Macgillivray says of him, that if he had his rights he would be much better called a bushchat. He would, no doubt,

prefer that title; but we are never allowed a say about our own christening. Whinchat would be as good a name for him as could be found, but that has been taken up already by another bird rather like him in aspect, with which he often is confused; but there is no excuse for confusing the male stonechat with any whinchat—his smartness ought to distinguish him. With the lady there is more reasonable chance of a mistake.

This is the habit of life of the little bird—always restless, ever on the move, never still for an instant. In the wonderful group that is the peg for hanging these remarks, the male bird is just bringing a grub (in his very characteristic attitude of wings and tail out, all of a flutter) to his lady, who is crooning over the nursery, snugly planted low down in the whin bush. Even this is rather higher than the bird generally makes its nest; it is usually on the very ground floor.

The stonechat is very dearly attached

to his own little waste bit of ground. He is resident with us all the year; he pairs, apparently, once for life—exemplary instance of conjugal fidelity—and he and his spouse spend their lives in the same narrow circle of a few, a very few, acres of whin bushes and waste land.



G. Walmough Webster.

THE STONECHAT.

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THE principal object of most English sportsmen going to Bosnia will be to get a bear; and as bears are numerous, and the annual bag of them runs into three figures, this is reasonable enough. I can, and shall, point out the districts where bears are mostly found, but that is all the help I can give the sportsman, for getting a shot at a bear is mostly a matter of luck. To take my own case, I was encamped four months in the forests of the Velez range, where I could often hear bears at night, and where the trees were everywhere scored by their claws. At the beginning of the time we had a drive for bears, and several broke out. At the end of the time we had a beat for chamois, and again two bears broke out. It is reasonable, therefore, to conclude that there were bears on the ground during the whole period of my stay, yet all I ever saw was the track of a big fellow in the snow at about 5,000ft. elevation. This was very fresh, and I followed it for hours in vain. Of course the finest bear I ever saw was killed by a gendarmerie patrol a couple of miles from my camp. They said it was done in self-defence, which of course was rank nonsense. In 1897 I went out to Bosnia for a few weeks, and traversed a lot of good

luck may be better. For bear-shooting it is best to leave England early in April, and take up one's abode at some town in the bear districts to be presently mentioned. Towards the end of the month the bears come out from their winter quarters, and are so ravenously hungry that they feed more in the daytime than usual. Get the local Prefecture or Sub-Prefecture to send out for news of bears. When it comes, go to the place, verify it (by the marks, etc.), and stay there pottering about daily, especially early and late, on the edge of forest clearings and other likely places. Should a bear kill a cow, as *Ursus Arctos*, though mostly a vegetarian, will sometimes do, you will find as much of the carcass as he has not eaten buried not far away. Do not let anyone touch it, but take up your post near and down wind of it, not too late in the afternoon, and you will have an almost certain shot. If it is not too expensive for you, buy two or three cattle and tie them up, as we do in India for tigers. Sheep are no good, as the wolves will take them. Tying up would be most likely to come off in a district where cattle have already been killed, as you then know there is a "flesh-eater" about. There is one other chance, and that is in autumn. The

bears make raids on the orchards and maize-fields in certain districts with great regularity. You can take the post of sentry, or, better still, wait till you hear of a raid and drive any likely places near afterwards.

For the rest you must take your chance. Many parts of Bosnia and the Herzegovina hold bears, and you can never tell when you may meet them, for which reason it is well to use a cylinder gun for small game, and to carry a few ball cartridges in your pocket. The only golden rule is to go to likely ground and potter about at daybreak and dusk.

Bears are mostly found in Bosnia in the east of the country, but they also range westward through the chain of forests that runs south of Jaice. In other words, their principal habitat is on the Drina and Narenta river systems, and between the Vrbas river and the Dalmatian frontier. I do not mean that they will not be found elsewhere at any time, but that is where the bulk of them are killed. In the extreme east likely places for the intending bear-hunter to take up his quarters are at Foca, the customs barrack at Tjentiste, and the gendarmerie barracks at Suha in the Sutjeska Valley, and at Jelec. Going westward, the Prenj Mountains offer a good chance, and may be reached from the hotel at Jablanica. The western forests may be reached

from the hotel at Jaice with the help of the gendarmerie barracks at Grzovo, Mliniste, and Glamoc. The two most southerly chances for bear are the Bjelopolje, near Mostar (hotel), and at Ulog on the Upper Narenta. Four bears have been killed in a beat at each place, and some are killed every year.

The human figures shown in the photograph of the bear are *lugars*, or native foresters. I advise the sportsman to have nothing to do with them, as either they know nothing about shooting, or they are rank poachers, and would rather have the stranger's room than his company. In two trips, extending over seventeen months, I never had the slightest assistance from one of them. The shikari to get hold of is a Turk with keen sporting instincts, who is not entitled to carry a gun, and who consequently has no ulterior motives in saving the game from the Britisher.



BOSNIAN BEAR AND NATIVE FORESTERS.

ground. There was no lack of bears, but the nearest I got to them was to see, as I returned in the evening, footprints which had not been there in the morning, on a bridle-path in one district, and in another to see fresh blood from a bear wounded by a forester a few days before. At the same time he had killed a second bear. Yet we tried numerous drives, and there was plenty of bear sign and bear news everywhere I went. No wonder that the Austrian sportsmen prefer large beats; but these are the merest lottery, for out of some score or more of sportsmen, who shall say who will get a shot? Very often nobody does. I cannot say that I care for these big drives, though the courteous Austrians always allot a good place to the stranger. Yet in this way I have got my only chances at a BOSNIAN BEAR.

Still, I would not discourage a keen hand from trying, as his

A reward of ten gulden (16s. 8d.) is paid for a bear, and half that quantity for a wolf. The sportsman will, of course, always turn this over to his native assistants. He should also carry packets of four-kreutzer (penny) tobacco for them, as they value this more than money. Employ Turks if you can, or Roman Catholics, never Greek Church Serbs — the biggest scoundrels unhung.

The big game likely to attract Englishmen in Bosnia most after bears are wolves, but these will only be got quite by chance. Wolves can only be looked upon as pestilent vermin, and it is a good thing that their numbers are decreasing in the country, most of them falling victims to poison. They are only to be found as a rule in Eastern Bosnia and the Herzegovina.

In the latter province wild boar are almost unknown, but there are a few in the valley of the Upper Narenta. In Bosnia they cannot be said to be common anywhere, but they occur in suitable places, especially in great woodlands. I have only seen their traces on the slopes of the Orufa Mountain (an outlier of the Trebova range, south of Foca), but I am told they are a good deal more plentiful towards Rogatica, and, generally speaking, down the Lower Drina. They are also found near Fojnica, north of Sarajevo.

Writing of chamois is a much easier matter. They are quite local in their range, with the exception of two detached mountains. Their main habitat is bounded on the north by a line drawn from Sarajevo to Foca, on the east by the Montenegrin frontier, on the south by a line drawn from Gacko to Mostar, and to the west by the Narenta river, though they cross this latter south of Jablanica, and the Djiva Grabovica, a very good beat, is west of this river. The two detached beats are the Stit Mountains north of Sarajevo, and the Kamesnica range south of Livno and on the Dalmatian frontier. There are, however, very few on these latter hills. So the real chamois ground is about fifty miles square. I have seen most chamois in the Foca district south of that town, and especially on the steep sides of the Drina, Perucica, Sutjeska, and Hecava Valleys, and on the slopes of the Radomisl plateau. Here it is nothing uncommon to see fifty or sixty at once; but throughout the country they frequent they are to be found in almost every place where the ground is suitable. Good stalking ground is to be



BOGUMILE TOMB.

found in the Velez and the ranges to the north of it, near Ulog, and to the north of Gacko. These latter places I especially recommend to the sportsman who enters the country from Ragusa.

Austrian sportsmen in Bosnia take their chamois shooting very easily. They never stalk them, which is the cream of the game to me, but drive them to the gun with beaters or hounds. From the nature of the ground it very often occurs that they are able to ride to their posts, and they do so. The reason for their being able to do so is that, although the game is found on the more or less precipitous hillsides, the guns are posted on the edges of the alp pastures above, which a horse can easily reach by a circuitous route. Besides, a Bosnian horse can go wherever a chamois can—*very nearly*.

Chamois stalking is so well known a sport that few Englishmen who care for sport with the rifle at all but have at least read about it. It means being on the ground pretty early in the day, finding one's game with the glass, and working in to it, much as one does to deer in the Highlands. The only local circumstance which must be taken into account in Bosnia is the whereabouts of the flocks and herds. This can be found out at the Sub-Prefectures, for in October they are all ordered away from the hills on a certain day. As soon as this happens the alp pastures teem with game.

Roe are found everywhere in Bosnia, and in the woodlands of the Herzegovina, even in those districts which are absolutely waterless. Old bucks often carry magnificent heads, and I have even seen an eight-pointer. Scottish heads are far smaller. Like all other game, roe are generally shot in this country in drives, or with hounds; but good sport can be had by stalking on the edge of the woodlands and in the glades in the evenings. I think I have seen most roe in the woods south of Jaice, where there are no wolves, or very few. These brutes destroy countless roe in the eastern districts; I have heard of fifteen skeletons being found in quite a small wood.

Foxes are numerous throughout the country, and the Englishman should pocket his prejudices, and pot them whenever he has a chance, for they destroy a great deal of game. The same remark applies to wild cats and martens. Hares are also plentiful.

Turning now to winged game, capercaillie are found in all the great primeval forests over 4,000ft. above the sea. Black game, as I have already said, I have only seen in south-east



AN EAST BOSNIAN VILLAGE
WHERE I WAITED FOR NEWS OF BEARS.

Bosnia. The cocks of these two varieties may legally be shot in spring. Hazel grouse, though common in Bosnia, are rarely found in the Herzegovina, but I have killed them near Konjica. Their southern range is, roughly speaking, the northern range of the stone-hen (*Perdix græca*). The common partridge is found in all suitable—*i.e.*, cultivated—localities; also the quail till the end of September. Woodcock and solitary snipe pass in autumn, going southwards, and in spring, returning; but cock are then protected. These birds breed in the country, but rarely. Wildfowl frequent suitable places—such as the Mostarsko Blato, and the Hutovo Blato, both near Mostar—in countless numbers.

Red deer no longer exist in the country, but the Government intends to turn them down in places where they will be safe from the wolf; and also, I believe, the moufflon. It will, however, be a good many years before sport with either is open to the public. If proof of the existence in historic times of the red deer in the provinces were necessary, we could easily get evidence in the country itself. As a matter of fact, there is no doubt on the subject; and *Cervus Elaphus* is still found in Old Servia, on the eastern border, and is said sometimes to cross. This fact, as well as the alleged occurrence of the lynx, I doubt. The entire Herzegovina, however, and many parts of Bosnia are thickly strewn with enormous monoliths, marking the

burying-places of a strange sect, who, by preferring the Koran to Rome, opened the way to these provinces to the conquering Moslem. The story, together with much information about the Bogumiles, as they were called, is told at length in my book "In the Land of the Bora," but I believe no representation of these wonderful gravestones has hitherto been published in this country. The stone shown in the illustration is peculiarly elaborate. It is situated at Zgosca, in the Vrsoko district. This particular BOGUMILE Tomb is sculptured with representations of horsemen, probably a battle scene; but when, as is often the case, hunting subjects are depicted, the beast of chase is invariably the stag. Not the least noteworthy fact about these monoliths is, that they are often made of stone not found in the district, though how it was possible in the remote ages (tenth to fifteenth centuries) when these people lived to transport such masses is a problem to modern engineers. They form a familiar feature in the country life of these provinces; and when shooting there I have often been glad to shelter behind them for lunch or a smoke, somewhat sacrilegiously using the great stone itself to lay out the bag of roe deer, chamois, or boar. The Turkish peasant seated by the stone is playing on the *guzla*, the national instrument, to whose monotonous accompaniment the history of the glorious past is chanted. These folk-songs form the only historical records of the country. SNAFFLE.

"IN CHANCERY."

FOR a mile or more, noble woods fringe the great estuary and mark out to the passing seaman the limits of one of the most princely demesnes in the West of Ireland. If we approach it by the road running along the shore, we come to its eastern boundary. There is a wall here, it is true; but it is easily turned by keeping on the seashore for less than 100 yds. further. We then come to a well-worn track, which, passing through a broken wire fence, leads us directly into the park itself. Behind us lie the seaward woods, and more woods cut up and dot the park in every direction. These, however, can be avoided by making detours, but not so the immense tracts of waist-deep ferns, which are anything but pleasant to cross after rain. However, we can get to yonder eminence without passing through any of it.

The view hence is one of great beauty. Green islands dot the estuary, here several miles wide. At various points along the shore rise more or less perfect "round towers," and the ruins of at least one feudal castle are visible; but a lighthouse on a quaintly-peaked rock in the foreground is even more castle-like than the real article. With such surroundings it is almost superfluous to say that one gets a succession of cloud and light effects, varying, but always fine, and especially so at sunset.

Although we have chosen an autumn day for our visit, the foliage is not much tinged, except that the ferns are turning brown. We strike a trampled track through these—a deer-path, in fact, for no other large animal comes here—and wind on, now passing open bits of green, and again crossing more great belts of bracken. At last we reach a wooded bit, and become aware of a sort of grassy road, swampy but not encumbered, except where here and there a tree has fallen across it, running to our



ENTRANCE GATE AND LODGE.

right, and in the direction we are aiming at. As we make our way to it, we may notice on various trees the marks where the bucks have been cleaning their horns of velvet. With infinite precaution, at dusk or early in the morning, we may catch sight of a few deer feeding in the open. Unlike the deer in an English park, these are wild—a survival of another day. To them the sight of man is associated with the idea of danger; and the score or two who have so far escaped death at the hands of the poacher are as difficult to approach as the wildest deer in the American backwoods. If we cannot see deer we can, however, see rabbits,

any amount of rabbits, black, brown, and grey. Their preservation is easy enough, for a stray one shot or wired makes little difference to these thousands. Moreover, they keep to the park; whereas the deer make forays on the cornfields near, and many never return. Of other game the park holds little, only a very few pheasants. In the winter there are woodcock enough, and wildfowl on the river.

By this time we have had quite enough of the wood path, and are beginning to wonder if



GAME-KEEPER'S LODGE.

this is not an enchanted wood that has no end, till we suddenly come out by a small (the agent's) house, to a point where we get a view over the woods and sea with the "great house" in the foreground.

As we make our way down to this, we note a succession of the most elaborate out-buildings, all falling to ruin—a gas factory, a saw-mill, a magnificent keeper's house, hung with bucks' heads, a huge game larder, enormous stables. Then we emerge in front of the house, and are astonished to find that it is not so big after all. In the distance, with its large bow windows, and wings consisting of a lofty conservatory and billiard-room, it is imposing enough. Comfort has been sacrificed to splendour. We see a ballroom and banqueting-hall fit for any palace, and two other fair living rooms. But the bedrooms are all low and cramped, to pay for the magnificence below.

The house is in good order, considering that no one has lived there for a quarter of a century, but the papers, put up before the walls were dry, are falling off. The caretaker tells us that the house was pushed forward for a shooting-party and occupied for three days, each of which we may safely say cost £10,000; for the then owner, though he did not build the house, built the wings and added the bow windows, to say nothing of the many expensive *addenda* we saw on our way. For years the magnificent furniture remained, but at last was sold by auction, down to the very grates, and is said to have realised less than



HOUSE AND RIVER.

one of the bedroom suites cost. The place is in Chancery, of course; in the Encumbered Estates Court too, very likely. Let us go, passing up the grass-grown avenue and through the splendid gates with their statue-ornamented lodge. "The finest gates in Ireland," says the caretaker, and perhaps they were, but there are great cracks in the stonework now.

A mile or two away is a ruined church, near which stands a mausoleum as big as a cottage, with an inscription to the effect that the old family of — erected it to their fathers and their posterity. It only bears date 1837, but they have utterly vanished out of the land; and in not more than thirty years after its erection their ancestral home had passed into other hands.

"WOOD AND GARDEN."

ONE of the most delightful books upon the garden published for a long while is Miss Jekyll's "Wood and Garden" (Longmans). This lady disclaims literary ability and botanical knowledge alike, even the best methods of cultivation also; but she has such abundant love for her garden,



BORDER OF MICHAELMAS DAISIES.

such a true instinct for garden beauty, and such perfect contentment in her work—"the nearest thing we can know to the mighty force of creation"—that she could not but write well, and her simple style is nothing less than admirable. Looking back upon nearly thirty years of gardening, she can remember no part of it that was not full of pleasure and encouragement. She rejoices in success and is exhilarated by failure. She has created a perfectly delightful world of her own, revealed to the less fortunate—or the less capable—in the extraordinarily beautiful illustrations of the book, which are mostly from her own camera. Selection and discrimination have been her hand-maids, and how fully she triumphs these pictures, not less than their subjects, reveal. The charm of Miss Jekyll's volume is

that it will bring abundant pleasure to others. It cannot but be a spark at which other fires will be kindled. It is not a practical gardening guide, but it is something better—an inspiration. We will quote, as an illustration of character, what she says about the window garden—3ft. by 10in.—of her friend the factory boy in a gloomy town in the North, whom she never saw, but whose letters delighted her with their keen interest and eager questioning: "I could picture his feelings of delightful anticipation when he saw the first little bluish blade of the snowdrop patch pierce its mossy carpet. Would it, could it really grow into a real snowdrop, with the modest, milk-white flower and the pretty green hearts on the outside of the inner petals, and the clear green stripes within? and would it really nod him a glad good morning when he opened his window to greet it? And these few blunt reddish, horny-looking snouts just coming through the ground, would they really grow into the brilliant blue of the early squill, that would be like a bit of midsummer sky amid the grimy surroundings of the attic window, and under that grey, soot-laden Northern sky? I thought with pleasure



WHITE FOXGLOVES AT EDGE OF FIR-WOOD

how he would watch them in spare minutes of the dinner-hour spent at home, and think of them as he went forward and back to his work, and how the remembrance of the tender beauty of the full-blown flower would make him glad, and lift up his heart while 'minding his mule' in the busy, restless mill."

Could more be asked in the way of style than this? Could gardening be approached in a truer or better spirit? No wonder that Miss Jekyll has made gardening friends. One common interest has drawn them together, and Mr. Robinson and others, she says, have allowed her to "pick their brains." It is nothing less than delightful to witness and to share the zest with which she throws herself into her pursuits. She projects her spirit, so to speak, with charming imagination, into the spokes of old cab-wheels, which, having rattled for years over London stones, find themselves ending their days happily as garden labels—"to have one's felloe-end pointed and dipped in nice, wholesome, rot-resisting gas-tar, and thrust into the quiet, cool earth; and one's nave-end smoothed and painted, and inscribed with some such soothing legend as 'Vinca minor' or 'Dianthus fragrans'!"

So much must suffice for the manner of this most wholesome and beautiful book, though it would be possible to go on quoting much of Miss Jekyll's excellent prose description. The matter is not less satisfactory. The authoress is no doctrinaire. Her own ideal has been always to make beautiful garden pictures, whether as large landscapes, single groups planted for effect, or happily-disposed alpinists within the space of a few inches; or by the removal of lines not wanted in woodland pictures, or the



END OF BORDER AND ENTRANCE OF PERGOLA.

splendour of the grape vine, with its generous magnificence of incomparable foliage, as most satisfactory for clustering about a wall, arbour, or pergola. It is a vision of beauty to look even at the pictures of daffodils in April, and rhododendrons in May, blooming where copse and garden meet. The remarks upon the grouping of rhododendrons for colour effect are particularly good, and it is indicative of Miss Jekyll's method that she gives us her selection of kinds. When she comes to July she presents us with a supremely beautiful picture of the giant lily. But, in truth, not a month goes by but that she has something beautiful to depict and describe, and much that is practically interesting to say.

When December has closed its work in the woodland, Miss Jekyll turns to a discourse upon large and small gardens, and to hints for beginners. "The grand way to learn, in gardening, as in all things else, is the wish to learn, and to be determined to find out—not to think that any one person can wave a wand and give the power and knowledge." The flower border and pergola, the primrose garden (with a lovely prospect of the evening mists

issuing from the dark woods behind the primrose patches), the scents of the garden and its colours—these make most attractive chapters. Then we are bidden not to worship the false gods



EVENING IN THE PRIMROSE GARDEN.

laying-out of broad grassy ways, or in making some slight change of direction in a wood path, or the alteration of related groups for form, or the massing of light or shade. She does not seek to impose her views upon others, for she recognises merits in all styles of gardening, not even overlooking such merits as there were in the bedding fashion, and in all phases of the art, whether it be in wide selection, or in rock, peat, or bog gardens, or ferneries, or in trees and shrubs, or wide lawns, trim hedges, and purely formal arrangements. "All are right and reasonable and enjoyable to their owners," she says, "and in some way or degree helpful to others." Miss Jekyll's pictures speak loudly of her own success, and give most lovely peeps of her garden and woodland, and of the charmed region between the two.

Her plan is first to take us through the garden, recording impressions, and giving abundant hints in a series of chapters month by month. The method is full of suggestion, and brings evidence of the most intelligent appreciation, and of admirable judgment leading to wholly satisfactory selection and combination. Much has been learned from cottage gardens, into which, says Miss Jekyll with truth, one can scarcely go without learning or observing something new. The months of January and February bring a beautiful picture of winter woodlands; and the blooming of hyacinths, freesias, and iris stylosa, and a song of praise of the common juniper, too much neglected, but in which Miss Jekyll discerns extraordinary beauties of colour and character. March leads her to a charming account chiefly of rhododendrons and climbing roses, and to a gossip about the ways and wants of climbing plants, and how best to use them. She points out the



WHERE THE COPSE AND GARDEN MEET.

typified by the show-table, unworthily used as an end in itself. A thoughtful chapter on masters and men, showing what are the limitations of the latter, and the privileges and achievements open to the former, concludes the book. This is a volume to be possessed and treasured. It will bring real delight to every lover of garden and woodland.

A Slave of Nicotine.

THE annexed photograph is of a common Indian plains bear, the property of Mr. Allan Matthewson, of Burulia, Bengal, in the act of taking His Morning Smoke at the hookah, or Indian pipe. The Indian smokes a hookah by means of a tube and mouthpiece. These are removed for Bruin, who is very fond of his smoke morning and evening, and draws the smoke into his lungs through the hole in the bowl of the hookah.

If he does not get his pipe regularly he howls, and shows his impatience in a very marked manner. When smoking, he inhales the smoke in large volumes, and blows it out of his nose and mouth, with much enjoyment and evident pleasure.

This bear is also extremely fond of raw eggs, in any condition. Many of this species of bear are found in the hilly parts of Bengal, as well as in most other parts of India, and when taken young the cubs are easily tamed.



HIS MORNING SMOKE.

It was not until the days of the Merry Monarch, however, that the properties of the Toy Spaniel were fairly and intelligently appreciated; and from King Charles one of the varieties—for there are really only two of the breed—has taken its name. There can be little doubt that the original King Charles Spaniels were either black and white or black tan and white in colour; and, so far as the writer can discover, the first advertisement for a lost dog that ever appeared in a newspaper was that which referred to "A black and white Spaniel, the Property of the King," which was lost in the Green Park somewhere about the time of the Fire of London. When the black and tan King Charles appeared is not precisely known, but the Blenheims have been for so many years associated with the princely seat of the Dukes of Marlborough that the date of their first springing into prominence can be calculated with a certain amount of accuracy. At the same time it may be observed that the earlier representatives both of the King Charlies and Blenheims did not possess the short muzzles that adorn the latter-day representatives of the breed; indeed, even now in the neighbourhood of Woodstock, which is still a stronghold of the Blenheim, the long or "pleasant" faced animals preponderate in numbers over the others. It may be stated, too, that a few years back some modern breeders determined to create distinctions without differences amongst the King Charlies, and so dubbed the tricolours Prince Charlies and the reds Rubies. This was certainly unfair to the black tan and whites, as they are no doubt the older colour; whilst as a proof that the alteration in nomenclature was unjustifiable, it is an incontrovertible fact that the blacks and tans, tricolours, and reds may all appear in the same litter, and that animals of these shades of coat are freely bred together; so that all attempts to recognise them as distinct animals, and by different names, are nothing but a farce, and prejudicial to the interests of the King Charlies. Fortunately some of the admirers of these charming dogs have recognised the absurdity of describing two Spaniels from the same litter as being of different breeds, and therefore it is to be hoped that a practice which is indefensible and absurd will gradually die out.

Of later days the constitution of Toy Spaniels has become far more delicate than it used to be formerly, in

A PLEA FOR THE TOY SPANIEL

THIS most engaging little dog, which, as will be shown later on, is capable of far better things than filling the undignified rôle of a pampered toy, has been a most popular member of the canine race for centuries. Indeed, so far back as the days of Queen Elizabeth this Spaniel is referred to



C. Reid.

LITTLE FREDDY.

Copyright.

under the title of *fotor*, or comforter, by Dr. Caius, Her Majesty's physician, and one of the founders of the college at Cambridge that bears his name, in his work on British dogs. Dr. Caius there bears high tribute to the breed, and even goes the length of asserting that one of these dogs, if clasped in the arms of a sick person, was likely to relieve the invalid of his maladies by drawing in some mysterious manner the sickness out of him; so that the expression comforter as applied to the Toy Spaniel is easily explained.

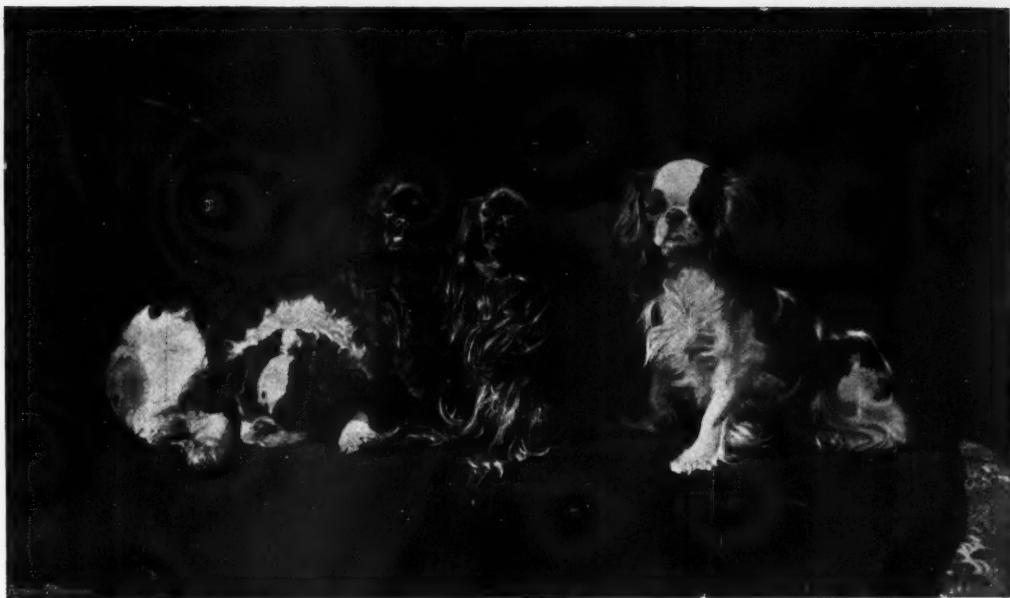


C. Reid.

STERLING.

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consequence of the coddling to which they are subjected, and few, if any, of the modern specimens of the Charlie or the Blenheim would care to attempt to beat a hedgerow for rabbits; yet the writer has seen a winner of the past do this work and enjoy it. Moreover, there are excellent reasons for believing that the blood of the Cocker Spaniel—the Cocker being a race of field Spaniels weighing about 22lb.—runs in the veins of many a modern Toy, and in the descendants of this cross the love of sport should be innate. The illustrations accompanying this article represent several very well-known prize-winning Toy Spaniels from the kennel of Mrs. H. M. Black, all of which display the domed skulls, luxuriant coats, and low-set ears which are so characteristic of these breeds. The Blenheim STERLING is a particularly interesting specimen of the charming little silken-haired golden tan and white dogs which are so much admired by visitors to dog shows; but it is observ-



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. KING CHARLES AND BLENHEIM SPANIELS.

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able that the coveted spot of colour is absent from the centre of his forehead. Yet he has won over twenty prizes and specials

at leading shows, including those of the Royal Aquarium, Edinburgh, and Crystal Palace. The ruby, or, to adopt the old-fashioned expression, red, LITTLE FREDDY, has a score of forty-five prizes and specials to be proud of, his victories including the Championship of the Royal Aquarium and of Cruft's Show a few weeks ago, his strong points being a beautiful skull and eye, and a most luxurious coat. Then, too, there are the black and tan King Charlies, Dazzler, Maggie May, and Kone II., to delight admirers of this colour, which, when the tan markings are of the rich mahogany shade known as "warm" by breeders, is truly a most attractive one. The quality of this trio, in spite of one of their number having become rather curly in coat, and disfigured by a protruding tongue, is to be judged by the fact that between them they have won nearly one hundred prizes and specials at the Royal Aquarium and other shows; and points that will strike the judge of Toy Spaniels about them are the long pendulous ear and soft pleading expression, so characteristic of the breed. Finally, the beautiful tricolour, Duke of Kensington, has twenty-seven victories to his credit, amongst which the Breeders' Cup and the Challenge Cup at the Crystal Palace in 1890, and firsts at the Agricultural Hall in 1894 and 1895, are included. The expression, skull, and ears of this dog are particularly good, and the feather on the back of his legs is also excellent. From this it will be seen that the accompanying illustrations are those of some most typical and successful representative Toy Spaniels, whose beauty and successes entitle them to be awarded a high position in the category of popular specimens of man's best friend—the dog.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

WHERE IS OUR NURSE?

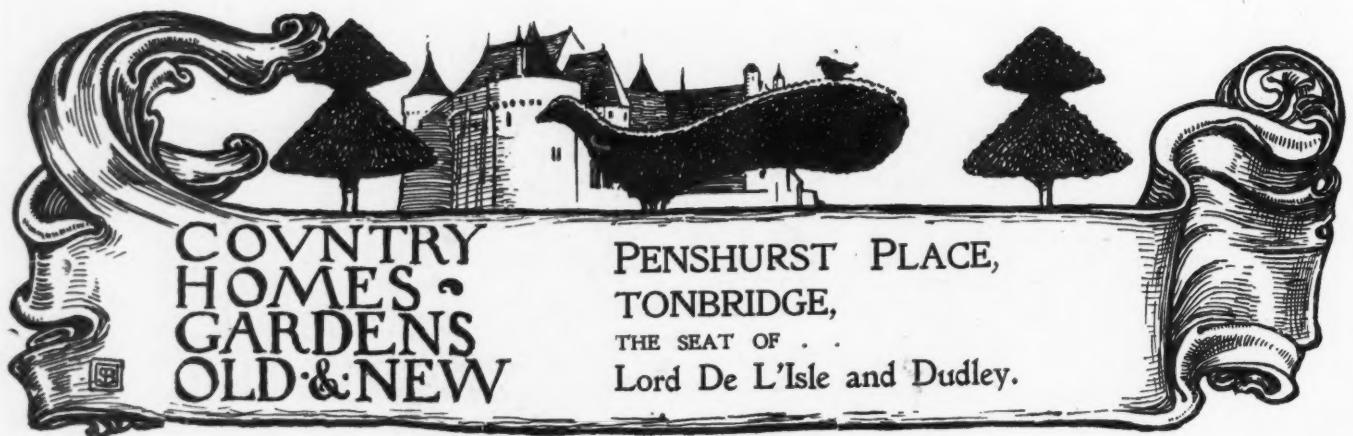
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A CONTRAST.

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THE great memories of historic Penshurst necessarily lie outside the possibilities of this article. Yet it would be unpardonable to approach the famous house, or to enter its old-world garden, without first evoking something of its older witchery. For we cannot forget that this was the home of the Sidneys—men, as has been remarked in these pages before, famous in arms, wise in counsel, always memorable in letters. Here Philip Sidney nourished the thoughts that made him “the brightest jewel of the crown”—the “rare ornament of his age, the very formula that all well-disposed gentlemen of the Court do form their manner and life by.” It was to Sir William Sidney that Edward VI. had granted Penshurst, already hoary with age, and his son, Sir Henry, a Knight of the Garter, Lord President of the Marches of Wales, and Deputy of Ireland, who had done much to the house, and, as the tablet over the gateway records, had “caused this tower to be builded, and that most excellent Prince’s arms to be erected, A.D. 1585.”

The hero of Zutphen came, indeed, of a noble stock, and we may look upon Penshurst as his “Arcadia.” It is as an Arcadia we are to regard it to-day, as the place about which a delightful garden lies. It was always so in the old Sidneys’ time. Here, walking in the pleached alleys, or between the well-clipped hedges of yew, did Philip Sidney dream of sweet Penelope Devereux; beneath the “broad beech and chestnut shade” strolled Edmund Spenser and Ben Jonson in “Barbara Gamage’s Bower”; then, in “Sacharissa’s Walk” we think of Waller sighing his hopeless love for Lady Dorothy, whose memory he has made imperishable in song. With such memories is Penshurst fragrant; and the venerable embattled walls and gables, and the antique air of the place, its noble hall and quaint furniture, its glorious pictures and portraits, all contribute to form a scene that can never fail to

impress the imagination of the visitor. The house and garden have gone through many transformations in their passage from the old Sidneys, through the hand of the Perrys and the Shelleys—two families inheriting through female descents, and of which both adopted the name of Sidney—to the late Lord de Lisle and the present noble owner. By the late Lord, who cherished the place with deep affection, the house was well restored, in admirable taste, both within and without, and the beautiful old mansion is happily still in excellent hands. May it long remain undiminished and unspoiled!

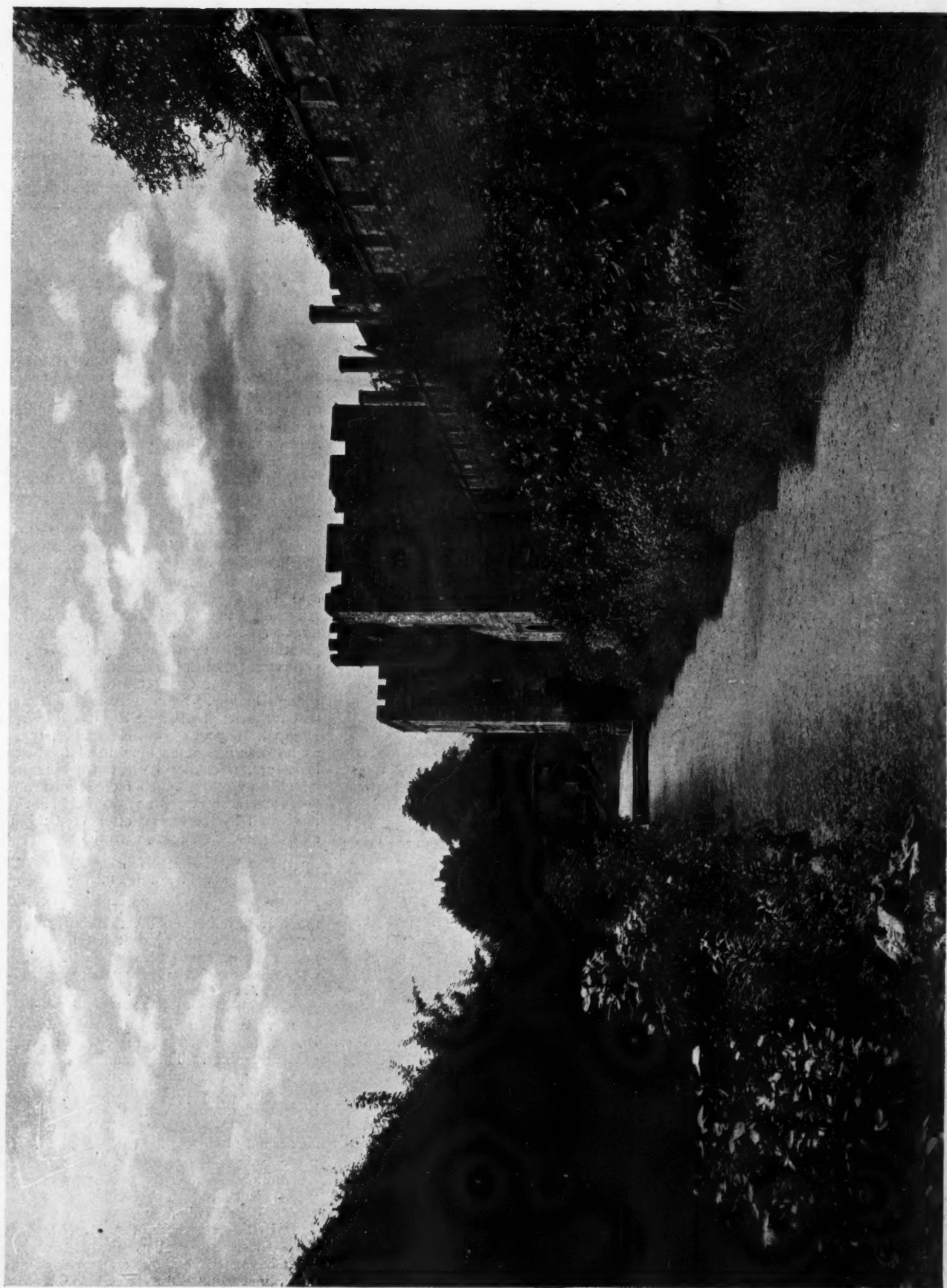
Penshurst has still the charming garden of its earlier time, if something of formality has departed. There is quaintness in that delightful outlook from the house, but no pure formalism to-day. Bold features, high hedges of sheltering yew, and masses of flowers form an appropriate foreground to such a structure. Moss-grown walls and steps, vested with shrubby growths, are well in keeping with the stateliness of the house and the soft grey colour of the walls.

There is also a charm at Penshurst in its dissimilarity from other places. We feel the sense of freshness, and there is no virtue certainly in merely copying one garden from another. The style is really a mixture of orchard and hardy flower gardening. A considerable area of ground between the house and the kitchen garden is a flower garden of a very charming kind. Squares of yew hedges have been formed, which act both as shelter and dividing lines. Fruit trees occupy these spaces, and we traverse beautiful verdant grass walks running between them. Gravel in such a place would be very hard and comfortless; and we remember that grass walks constitute one of the chief charms of Alton Towers, and of a few other places we are acquainted with. Where there are no fruit trees in this garden at Penshurst, we find beautiful



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THE MOSSY STAIRS OF THE SOUTH GARDEN. "COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—PENSHURST PLACE: A PLEASING GARDEN ALLEY.

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THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE YEW-HEDGED BEDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A CHARACTERISTIC CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

groups of hardy flowers, carnations especially being very sweet in July and at other seasons, for the grey foliage is always pleasing. Masses of foxgloves appear amongst the trees, the tall flower-stems rising in profusion, with daffodils fluttering beneath the flower-laden branches in spring, and bold groups of lilies and phloxes, the soft-tinted starworts, and other hardy perennials, thrown into rich relief by the sombre colouring of the yew hedges. A well-known gardening writer, speaking of Penshurst, has used it as an illustration of the necessity of seclusion about large houses which is bound up with this. Nothing is worse, he says, than hiding the sun and air from a beautiful house, but certain dividing lines connecting little secluded gardens and sheltered places for flowers are often needed. There are so many ways, he adds, of screening off such precious spaces, too—vine, lemon verbena, winter sweet, and jasmine for low walls; rose, sweet brier, and honeysuckle for fragrant or blossoming hedges; clematis, wistaria, and climbing rose for arch or pergola. The very lines for shelter or privacy might be gardens of the most fragrant and beautiful things we have, from the winter jasmine to the climbing tea-rose.

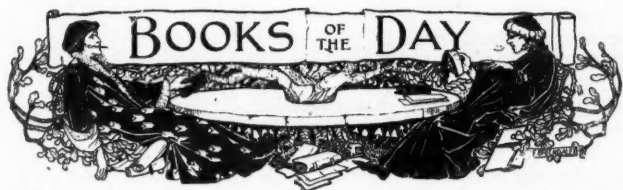
The park at Penshurst comprises about 500 acres, and is dotted with noble trees. The visitor should walk in a northerly direction, as from the hilly ground there is a splendid view of the house and the surrounding country. And we must note the yew, old thorns gnarled with age, Scotch fir, and acres of bracken fern, tall and beautiful in summer, and then turning to browns of many shades in autumn.

Amongst the noblest of the trees is the beech. One row of fine trees has some with a circumference of 20ft. at 3ft. from the ground. There are also Spanish chestnuts, which are said to have been planted in the time of Elizabeth, the largest being 27ft. in circumference. Note, too, the noble Sidney oak, a painting of which is in the Sheepshanks' Gallery at South Kensington. This tree is probably about 600 years old, and is healthy though hollow. Southey speaks of a tree said to have been planted on the day the great Sir Philip Sidney was born, November, 1554; but as he describes it as mouldered to dust when he wrote, it cannot be the tree in question, which is evidently much older, and nearer 600 years than 300. Many authors have been fascinated by the legend of the tree; but considering that Ben Jonson wrote of

"That taller tree which of a nut was set
At his great birth, where all the Muses met,"

and that Southey describes the tree as mouldered, it is probable that both alluded to a very tall and magnificent beech which stood near by and has long since perished. The circumference of the Sidney oak is stated to be 33ft. 6in. at 1ft., and 27ft. at 6ft.; but there is another old oak about half a mile off, hidden in a valley, and but little known, which is larger, more vigorous, more picturesque, and evidently older. The circumference of this is 34ft. 8in. at 1ft., and 34ft. 1in. at 6ft.

The visitor to Penshurst will notice how beautiful are the old Scotch firs whose dark plummy branches stand out boldly against the deciduous trees. Here rooks abound. In this place was at one time the Countess of Leicester's pleasure, and not far away is "Diana's Bath." Thence we pass to Sacharissa's Walk, called in remembrance of Lady Dorothy Sidney, sister of Algernon Sidney and the Sacharissa of Waller. Probably the original trees have decayed, but one must admire the noble limes supposed to have been brought over from Holland by one of the delegates who went to treat with William of Orange, of whom a very influential one was Henry Sidney, afterwards Earl of Romney. Penshurst, a noble and interesting house, with a beautiful garden, might have been described much further, but space does not avail.

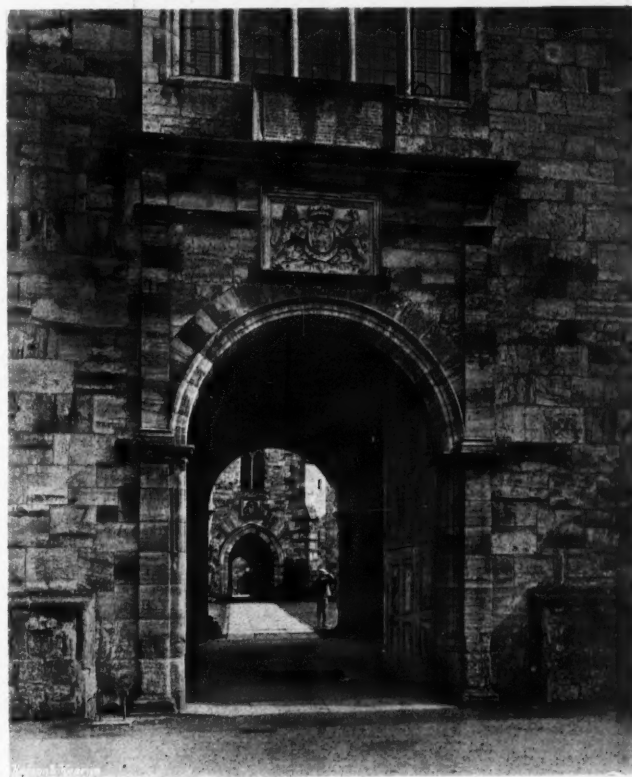


THERE are many, no doubt, who, like the writer, are thinking eagerly of the summer, and forming projects for its enjoyment. I have just been reading an interesting book upon mountain climbing, which has a stimulating spirit of enterprise in it, and it may be well for me to say something about it now, since such expeditions as that of Mr. E. C. Oppenheim cannot be entered upon haphazard, nor at all, except by those hard in muscle and strong in nerve and pluck. The interest of "New Climbs in Norway" (Unwin) is that it takes us to both untroubled peaks and unfrequented valleys. As a member of the Alpine Club, Mr. Oppenheim had climbed many a well-known peak; but, like his cousin and travelling companion, Mr. Gerold Arbuthnot, he longed for untroubled ground. "Such was our thirst for novelty that nothing short of absolutely virgin soil would satisfy us." The desirable place was found in the Søndmore Peninsula, enclosed between the Norang and Sokely fjords. "It proved," says Mr. Oppenheim, with a fine mixture of metaphor and phrase, "a perfect Elysium, and a mine of virgin peaks," a region moreover in which the official "Amtskart" proved both a delusion and a snare. From Bergen—with its ancient fish-like smells, its Hanseatic traditions, crumbling houses, castles and churches, and the modern accretion of hotels, beer gardens, and theatres—old Bergen in frock-coat and top-hat—the companions proceeded to Oie, at the head of the Norang fjord. But they first did what all travellers off the beaten track in Norway should do—they inscribed themselves as members of the Turistforening, a twin brother of our Cyclists' Touring Club. With its button in your coat, and your money—this is important—converted into Norwegian bank-notes for scarcity of bankers, you enjoy reduced rates at the club huts, and have prevailing right to a bed if the place be crowded. It seems unaccountable that two such careful and experienced travellers as Messrs. Oppenheim and Arbuthnot should have carelessly allowed their box of provisions, when they landed at Aelsund, to be carried on in the steamer to the land of the midnight sun; a pathetic separation, truly. They were going into a region where not even the Turistforening could help them with its huts, and where at least one family among the inhabitants fled as they came, fearsome strangers from a foreign land. But in the end, as happens to all tourists in Norway, they found the Norwegians full of good-fellowship, kindness, and hospitality.

The travellers were so abundant in energy and enterprise that the humble boatmen who took them up the fjord, looking like ancient Vikings, only less ideal than in the picture-books, gave up hopes of their sanity. They were possessed with the thought of this "mine" of "virgin peaks," and would go on pointing to the hills, and uttering one magnificent sentence gathered piecemeal from the dictionary, and which might be Norwegian or nothing—"Er det fjeld best-iet?" which being interpreted might mean "Has that mountain been climbed?" The first important ascent was that of Slogen, the "Norwegian Matterhorn," but evidently a far more hospitable giant than his famous and churlish namesake. Then the climbers had the delight of cairning three peaks of the Vellesæterhorn (4,615 ft.), and the top of Urkedalstind. Mr. Slingsby, who has scaled some of the neighbouring peaks, has written much that is useful on the region, but Mr. Oppenheim is more valuable. From the top of the mountain I have last named he looked over a magnificent panorama, with wonderful glimpses of the fjords, in which the most conspicuous objects were the middle Ringdalstind and Raana, the last named a very remarkable mountain, with an inclined plane from south to north, and impracticable precipices on all sides but one. The scaling of Raana by its north-east ridge was the great triumph of the climbers, but they had first ascended, and had the supreme delight of naming, Tranhulstind, a giant unknown to the map, as well as several other mountains. It is very pleasant to read these breezy, wholesome, and helpful records of Norwegian mountaineering. Those who would follow in Mr. Oppenheim's footsteps have had a good forerunner, and they will be fortunate if they, too, can secure the companionship of excellent Johannes Vigdal,

schoolmaster at Solvorn in the Sogne fjord, and a famous Norwegian guide. There is a good deal of excellent description in the book. Thus I have noticed a happy contrast between the winter in the Trandal, with the itinerant schoolmaster, or *magister peregrinus*, travelling through the snow from lonely gaard (farm-house) to gaard, and the summer glory of the place, clothed with woods of birch, alder, and fir, its torrents embowered in verdure, the ground carpeted with ferns, heather, and moss, with a profusion of foxglove, dog-roses, and dozens of other flowering plants. Truly, if Mr. Oppenheim owes much to Norway, that glorious country is somewhat his debtor for this excellent book.

The "true wood, the yew wood" of Old England, as Dr. Conan Doyle calls it, has found a very able exponent in the person of Dr. John Lowe, whose "Yew Trees of Great Britain and Ireland" (Macmillan) I would heartily commend. The fascination of the subject is extreme, and the author has approached it with the discerning eye of science and yet with all the spirit of romance. He has reverence for this "old warden of these buried bones." He has treasured up what English poets have said about the "dismal yew," quoting most happily. There are those famous lines of Wordsworth, which kindled the



PENSHURST: SIR HENRY SIDNEY'S GATE.

enthusiasm of Ruskin as the finest bit of forest landscape ever painted, with its pure touch of colour:

"A pillared shade
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue
By sheddings from the pinage umbrage tinged
Perennially."

Then Tennyson too—how he grew into a knowledge of the yew, and instead of his "thousand years of gloom," exclaimed:

"To thee too comes the golden hour
When flower is feeling after flower!"

It was fine observation, and poetically expressed the diceous habit of the tree. Into Dr. Lowe's facts and measurements I cannot enter, but they are a record of great and permanent value. His special point is the aggregate character of an old yew trunk, compact of successive growths, some dead and some living. He first observed this at Bredhurst, in Kent, and an account of that tree will indicate a matter which he develops with a wealth of illustration. There is the original trunk, a central shaft, dead but fairly sound, about which is a surrounding ring of distinct wood, also dead, with roin. branches still attached to it; outside this, again, a third circle of wood, mostly living, and the beginning of a fourth circle. In fact, in this view, at the age of 200 or 250 years, the yew is full grown as a single trunk, whereupon it shows its vitality by throwing up new growths, which it welds into itself with remarkable changes in its rejuvenescence.

Now to give welcome to the eleventh volume of the "Biographical Edition" of Thackeray (Smith, Elder), containing "The Adventures of Philip," with the "Shabby Genteel Story" prefixed. "Philip" was among the least popular of Thackeray's novels, but, as his daughter says, it contains some of the wisest and most beautiful things he ever wrote. The period covered by the introduction is that of Thackeray's editorship



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SEQUESTERED PATHS AT PENSHURST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the *Cornhill* from its beginning. Mrs. Ritchie recalls the glories of that golden time, with its reminiscences of Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle, the Brownings, Swinburne, Locker, Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, Trollope, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Gaskell, and a host of others. It is easy to see that she would have liked to write more, and her brevity, though accountable, leaves much to be desired. There is lovable Thackeray in the midst, heroic in his efforts, revelling in the society of his friends, sickening slowly. It is a picture flecked with light and shade. Can anything be more characteristic and delightful than this, which he wrote to a friend who had married young?—"And although my own marriage was a wreck, as you know, I would do it once again, for behold Love is the crown and completion of all earthly good; the man who is afraid of his fortune never deserved one."

"I. G. B." A SOUTH AFRICAN STORY.

CHAPTER II

I AWOKE with a start, and with a confused idea that something had to be done. The grey dawn was stealing into my room; looking at my watch, I saw that it was a quarter to five. The inharmonious sounds that proceeded from the room on my right convinced me that the occupants were not likely to be astir for some time to come.

Hastily slipping on my clothes, and taking my boots in my hand, I crept noiselessly out of my room, stole down the passage, and in two minutes was in the open air. Going to the stable, I knocked up the native groom in charge, and had a look at my old friend Stirling; the cut on his fore foot I was glad to see was not as bad as I had at first thought, but was quite sufficient to convince me that my experience of the night before had not been a dream. A sharp walk in the fresh morning air, and in less than an hour I was in my own house.

After giving some directions for the day's work, I breakfasted, had little Punch saddled up, and was back at Varley's at about a quarter to nine. The bandy-legged, chubby-faced, good-natured barman, Scotty, was on the verandah; as I rode up I asked him if anybody was going over to the Golden Eagle Mine that day, as I wanted to send a note.

"Why!" he said, "it's a pity you were not here a few minutes sooner; a gentleman has just left for there. Splendid fellow," he continued; "came into the bar last night and stood champagne all round, then played 'Poker' and won twenty pounds from some of them, and laughed all the time; said he would come out again; I just wish he would—he gave me a fiver when he went away."

"How is he going?" I asked, interrupting all these eulogiums.

"Why! with his own spider" (a light American buggy) "and a pair of greys, of course," said Scotty. "Do you think a man like that would ride on a moke?" and he cast a sneering look at little Punch.

"Thanks," I said; "I may overtake him," and, clapping spurs to my hardy little beast, I turned the corner, past Kavannagh's, Braszier's Hotel, and Erskine's Store, as if John Gilpin had suddenly made his appearance in Krugersdorp, and wished to eclipse his famous ride to the Bell. I had made up my mind to reach that spider before it arrived at Jack's, and I did so. Little Punch pounded along; nor did I spare him. In a quarter of an hour I was in sight of it. By diverging to the right, I could take a short cut across the veldt and thus meet the occupant face to face before he arrived at Boyd and Winnall's canteen, where it was customary to give the horses "a blow," or, as facetious gold experts would say, "give the horses a drink," though for my part I never saw the horses taken out of the shafts, but invariably noticed that the great men who mostly travel at the expense of the good old B.P. never lost an opportunity of entering the portals of this well-known resort.

I crossed the Teutonia ground, made a circuit round Boyd and Winnall's canteen, and arrived on the high road; turning my pony's head, I returned towards Krugersdorp as if arriving from Johannesburg. The spider had not yet reached the usual halting-place; if it stopped, and Waldenstein dismounted from his trap, I had nothing to do but to follow him up to the canteen, arriving about a minute later. Whatever he did, I must get into conversation with the owner of the greys and spider. As luck would have it, he followed the usual custom, and dismounted. A few moments later I was at the door. Throwing the reins over little Punch's head so that they hung down in front of him (a custom by which colonial horses are trained to remain in the same spot for as long as required), I entered the bar. As I expected, a well-dressed man, with a prominent nose, and eyebrows almost meeting over it, a dark moustache, but no beard, was leaning on the counter, whilst the proprietor was busily opening a bottle of champagne.

When I entered he cast a swift glance in my direction.

"Good morning," I said, in the usual up country free and easy way.

"Good morning," he replied; "have a drink? You seem to

have been riding hard. I think I saw you coming from the Johannesburg direction? How are things on the Rand since yesterday; do you know whether Golden Eagles have taken a turn for the better?"

"I've not heard," I answered; "is there anything wrong there, as you speak in such a gloomy way?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am sorry to say there is," then putting on an air of importance, he said in a confidential manner, "You see, I'm the chairman."

"Oh," I said, in an off-handed way.

He seemed somewhat annoyed that I appeared so unabashed by this important communication. Turning his back on me and addressing the barman, he continued:

"You see, a very sharp eye has to be kept on these manager fellows," and as he said so, he gave a sidelong glance at me. "There's one fellow I did all I could for. I thought he was going to turn out a smart man, but the old story of 'a new broom sweeps clean' is a very true one. I suppose that, like most of these men, he worked hard at first, then found Johannesburg a more pleasant place than the Golden Eagle Mine, and has been allowing things to go to the dogs for the last three months; in fact," he said, as he flourished a cigar in his left hand, exposing the damaged little finger, whilst with the other he held his glass of wine in such a manner as to display to the greatest advantage his valuable diamond ring, "I am going over this very morning to compel him to send in his resignation."

My blood boiled as he said this, and it was as much as I could do to restrain myself from taking the blackguard by the coat collar and giving him a sound thrashing with my sjambok (a whip made of rhinoceros hide, greatly used by colonials and Boers), but I thought it better for the time to lie low. "Poor old Jack," I thought; "he is not content with robbing you of your position, but wants to malign you as a ne'er-do-weel also," for there never was a more conscientious, hard-working man on the Rand than Jack.

He had now finished his wine, and turned to go, when his eye caught sight of a small travelling basket, which with numerous other articles was put on a shelf for sale.

"How much do you want for that?" he said to the barman. "It's just the thing I want. There's a German woman at the mine, the wife of a carpenter there, she makes the best semmel" (a small German roll) "I have ever eaten; they remind me of the days when I lived in Berlin."

"Half a sov," said the barman.

Throwing a couple of sovereigns on the counter, he said, "Never mind the change, but put me in a bottle of wine," and taking up the basket, the chairman of the Golden Eagle Mine with his own august hands actually carried it to the spider himself, and a minute later he had driven away.

"Nice fellow that," said the barman; "generous cove!"

"Do you think so?" I replied, and left the bar.

I returned to Krugersdorp about one o'clock, and after stabling little Punch, and seeing that he had his well-earned double allowance of forage, repaired to the hotel. I had little difficulty in finding the whereabouts of my two neighbours of the previous night, for on entering the bar I found Schwartz sitting at a small table with two or three empty bottles of laager beer before him. He appeared to be in a very gloomy mood, every now and then giving vent to his feelings by talking aloud to himself. On one or more occasions I caught the sentence, "He is von good yello. Ach Himmel! it is von big shame." Then he would bury his grief in another bottle of German beer.

"How is Frenchy now, Mr. Schwartz?" said Scotty, the barman, addressing him.

"Zick, zick, very zick," he replied, "und zee doctor has gone over to Blaubank, und von't come back perhaps zis night."

"That's a bad business," said Scotty; "I never knew Frenchy look worse. Did you say he only had one bottle of beer?"

"Ja," said the German, "von bottle von Sherman beer, und now he is zick like von pigs."

"I know something of medicine," I said, turning to him. "Is he a friend of yours, and can I have a look at him?"

"Ja, ja," he answered, as his face lighted up. "Come mit me; Frenchy is von friend von mine."

I followed him into the little room. Frenchy was on the bed, his face of a deadly ashen hue. At a glance I saw that he was suffering from an overdose of the narcotic administered to him the night before by Waldenstein; had I not known of this I should have been at a loss what to do. As matters stood, I made up my mind to make capital out of the situation.

"He looks very bad," I said, turning to Schwartz and speaking loud enough for the little Frenchman to hear; "it looks to me very like poison. There may be a chance for him, and I will try my best, but of course I do not know when he may have taken it." Lowering my voice, I continued, "Did you ever hear him speaking of suicide?"

"Nein, nein," said the German, excitedly. "Frenchy vood not do zat; it vas put in zee beer last night."

"What!" I said, sternly, as I laid my hand on his shoulder;

"did you attempt to murder him? Scotty!" I cried, but not loud enough for him to hear, as I had just seen him cross the yard in the direction of the stables, "come here," and I made a feint of opening the door.

"Ach Himmel!" said the German, as his limbs shook with terror. "Schtay; I tell you Frenchy is von friend von mine; I tell you it was not me."

"What!" I said again, turning to the door; "you had an accomplice?"

"Nein, nein, lischen to me, and I vill tell you als. Frenchy, you vill not die," he continued, as he dropped on his knees by the bedside. "Ach Frenchy!" he said, as he took the little man's hand, "mine friend Frenchy!" and I could see that his grief was genuine; but the little Frenchman made no answer—he was in a state of stupor.

Jumping to his feet, the German shook his fist in the air.

"Zere is von devils in zis world," he said, "und I vill tell you als; I vill not try to leave zee house," he continued. "I must schtay by Frenchy."

"Come into another room," I said; "the best thing for him at present is quiet and sleep. We can do him no good by remaining here."

"But he vill not die?" he asked, anxiously.

"He looks very bad," I replied. "Now," I said, as I reached the door of a room some half-dozen numbers further up the passage, "you go in there. I shall return in half-an-hour; and mind what I tell you—if you leave that room I give the necessary information to have you arrested at once for attempted murder." So saying, I shut the door and locked it, putting the key in my pocket, though for the matter of that he only had to open the window and walk out, as the room was on the ground floor, and the window not two feet from the ground.

I was quite sure in my own mind that he would not attempt to go, but made all these precautions simply as a blind, so as not to give him the chance of seeing my treatment of Frenchy, or he might, though I did not think so, change his mind about the information he had vouchsafed to give me. Leaving Schwartz to his own reflections, I ordered some hot, strong, black coffee to be made at once, and with a bottle of salts of ammonia I once more returned to the little Frenchman. He was still in a semi-unconscious state. Dipping a towel in the water jug, after baring his chest, I began slapping him smartly with the wet towel, stopping at short intervals to put the strong-smelling salts under his nose. Presently the coffee arrived, steaming hot. I propped him up, and after three or four gulps of this, and some good hard smacks on his face with my open hand, he seemed to be coming round.

"Ma foi!" said he, rubbing his eyes, and looking stupidly round. "Que j'ai mal à la tête."

"Now then, Frenchy!" I said, sharply, "get up."

"Sapristi!" he replied, "vere am I? Ah, je me souviens. Yesterday I was wiz zee Sherman Schwartz. Schwartz," he called, "come here; vere are you, Schwartz?"

"He will be here in a few minutes," I said; "come, get up at once."

He looked at me thoughtfully for a second, and then said, "Tiens-donc! Vy should I get up for you?"

"You will find that out soon enough if you don't hurry up," I said, taking him by the coat collar, and giving him a good shake. "Come," I continued, "put your head in that basin of water."

He obeyed me without another word.

"Now," I said, as I saw he had pretty well recovered his senses, "you will remain in this room until I return for you. I shall not be long, but if you stir out before I come back, you will find the Landdrost will be more unpleasant to meet than I am."

Returning to the room I had left Schwartz in, I found him lying on a bed, the very picture of misery.

"How is Frenchy?" were his first words as I entered.

"I think I have pulled him round," I answered.

"Zen I must go to him at vonce," he said, as he leapt from the bed.

"Not in such a hurry," I replied, firmly, as I put my back to the door; "there are a few little bits of information I require from you before you leave this room." He appeared to waver for a moment.

"Schwartz," I said, sternly, "you are either a knave or a fool—the latter, I hope; but whichever it may be, remember that you are entirely at my mercy." He opened his large eyes, and gazed at me in astonishment.

"Vat do you mean?" he said, in a sullen tone. "Tell me you not zat zee Frenchy is vell? Vat will you mit me in zis room?"

"Come," I said, "you know. What about Waldenstein, the Golden Eagle Mine, and the amalgam? Schwartz," I continued, taking out my watch and looking at it, "unless within ten minutes you sign a written declaration of all you know respecting the I. G. B. that has been going on in the Golden Eagle Mine during the last three months, I shall hand you over to the proper authorities."

"I. G. B.?" he said.

"Yes," I replied, "or Illicit Gold Buying, if you like it better; in other words, trading in and stealing amalgam."

"Come man," I continued, "tell the truth; it's no good trying to get out of the hole you are in; the best way will be by making a clean breast of it."

For a moment he seemed irresolute, then said, "Ja, I zal do vat you vant."

It took him a good half-hour to put me in possession of the facts I required, and during the course of the narrative which he related in his broken English, I felt myself alternately boiling with indignation or moved to pity by the tale of crime and misery he revealed. He certainly was not blameless, but his faults had been committed through ignorance, and partly by great pressure laid upon him by a man at whose mercy he had for many years considered himself to be. Having got the main details together, I obtained a sheet of foolscap and pen and ink from Scotty, and roughly jotted them down. When this was done, I carefully read them over to Schwartz.

"Is that all true?" I said.

"Ja, ja," he replied, "als true."

"Then," I said, "you must sign it, and I will call in Scotty and someone else to witness your signature."

"Ach Himmel!" he ejaculated; "must Scotty know all zis?"

"All I require him to do is to witness your signature," I replied, as I covered the rest of the writing with a sheet of paper.

It was a common thing for agreements to be made up in this rough and ready way in those early days, and I knew the signing as witness would excite no suspicion.

A few minutes later and the paper was signed and duly witnessed by the barman and the village barber.

"Got a good thing on?" said the latter, when he put down his pen; "give us a show in when you peg out."

"When I do, I will," I replied, and an hour later, after having interviewed the little Frenchman with Schwartz, I heard in the village that I had entered into a contract with Schwartz to take up for flotation 100 gold claims on the Randfontein farm that he had pegged out that morning. So much for the village barber.

For the time being my labours were done, and I returned to the Volga Gold Mine. The following day the post brought me a letter from Jack, telling me of Waldenstein's visit, and of how he in a most kind and considerate way had told him that, in spite of his intercession with the rest of the board of directors to give him another trial, he had been unsuccessful, and it was imperative that he should send in his resignation.

"He is not at all a bad sort," the letter continued; "he talked the matter over with me in a very friendly way, and pointed out the great deficiency in the gold returns for the last three months, and I could but admit that he was correct; finally he invited himself to luncheon, and produced a bottle of Monopole which he said might enable us both to digest the unpleasant situation in a better mood. He remained until six o'clock, and then drove off with a great basket of German rolls which he got my carpenter's wife to cook for him. We parted on the very best of terms, he assuring me that he thought he might be able to get me another billet in the Barberton district; however, the fact remains that I have to send in my papers. Ride across and talk the matter over, and it will cheer a fellow up who is down on his luck." G. HANSBY.

(To be continued.)



A LENTEN DINNER.

MENU.

Clear Soup à la Normande.

Ragout of Savoury Eggs.

Artichokes à la Cardinal.

Roast Turbot.

Cucumber Sauce. New Potatoes.

Cream à la Bohémienne.

Seakale Aigrettes.

CLEAR SOUP A LA NORMANDE.

Put into a stewpan two ounces of butter, one Spanish onion sliced, four ounces of carrot, one ounce of parsnip, also sliced, one ounce of celery, and a small bunch of parsley. Fry gently for fifteen minutes without allowing the vegetables to become brown, then add two quarts of fish stock, a small quantity of thyme and a bay leaf, and a few thin shreds of lemon peel (tied together in muslin), six peppercorns, three cloves, a small blade of mace, a pinch of cayenne, and salt to taste; cover the pan, let the stock boil up, and then simmer for an hour; strain it and let it get cold. Remove the fat from the soup, colour it a delicate shade of amber, and clear it with eggs in the usual way. When

required, heat the soup, after reserving a gill, which will be required for sauce, add a wineglass of sauterne or sherry to it, and serve with a garnish of green peas, or haricot verts cut into fine shreds.

RAGOUT OF SAVOURY EGGS.

Pound the yolks of six hard-boiled eggs, add half a terrine of Marshall's Luxette Paste, and two tablespoonfuls of thick creamy béchamel sauce; season with celery salt and cayenne, colour with carmine, and stir in sufficient beaten egg to make into a fairly soft paste. Mould into little balls, about the size of a whole yolk of an egg, poach very gently in boiling milk and water for eight minutes, and drain on a hot cloth. Have ready a carefully-prepared border of spinach, which has been mixed with a purée (composed of one large or two small carrots, four sticks of celery and four artichokes) and a liberal allowance of cream, and decorated on the outside with some of the whites of the hard-boiled eggs, cut into fancy shapes. Garnish the top of the border with macedoine vegetables, and fill the middle with the egg balls, and pour a sauce made as follows over them, and the remainder of it round the dish. Heat the gill of soup which was reserved, and add to it a gill of hock, thicken it with cornflour, and colour it a clear red with carmine.

ARTICHOKES A LA CARDINAL.

Take eight ounces of cooked red mullet, weighed after being freed from bones and skin, and pound it and the tails, with six ounces of panada, one ounce of butter, two tablespoonfuls of stiff béchamel sauce, which has been tinted a deep golden colour, and two and a-half eggs; season with salt, cayenne, and a dust of curry powder, and pass the farce through a sieve. Take a small portion at a time, and mould it into a cone-shaped croquette which will fit into a preserved artichoke, and when all are ready place them in a buttered stewpan and pour in gradually sufficient delicately-flavoured fish stock to cover the croquettes, and let them cook gently for ten minutes. Drain the croquettes, and mask them neatly with béchamel sauce coloured with Marshall's apricot yellow, and flavoured with a little sherry, then decorate them with truffle cut into stars and other fancy shapes, and place a medium-sized champignon, which has been heated and sprinkled with very finely-chopped parsley, on the top of each croquette. Have ready some tinned artichoke bottoms which have been made hot by standing the tin in boiling water; drain them on a cloth, and place a croquette in the centre of each. Dish up the artichokes on a purée of potatoes arranged down the middle of a silver entrée dish, and surround with sliced champignons which have been heated in the remains of the béchamel sauce.

ROAST TURBOT.

Have the backbone removed from a turbot of medium size, and stuff it with a farce made as follows: Take all the meat from two large raw whiting and pass it through a mincing machine. Make a panada by soaking half a pound of crumb of bread (taken from a new loaf) in boiling milk, beat it to a

paste, put it into a stewpan with one ounce of butter, and stir it over the fire until it no longer adheres to the sides of the pan. Add the prepared fish to the panada and pound thoroughly in a mortar with two ounces of butter, then season with salt, pepper, cayenne, and a little grated nutmeg; add the grated rind of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of very finely-chopped onion, and a tablespoonful of minced parsley. Rub the fish over with butter, wrap it in buttered paper, and roast in front of a clear fire, basting it frequently with some inexpensive white wine and melted butter. When done remove the paper, place the fish on a hot dish, pour some cucumber sauce over it, and garnish with prawns and small bunches of chervil. Serve cucumber sauce also in a tureen.

CREAM A LA BOHEMIENNE.

Cut up some forced rhubarb (two or three bundles, according to the size) and put it into a stewpan with half a pint of claret, the rind of half a lemon, four ounces of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of red currant jelly, and let it cook until it is tender. Pass the rhubarb through a fine hair sieve, strain the wine, and put both back into the stewpan; let the mixture boil up, ascertain that it is sufficiently sweet, and add some gelatine (allowing one ounce to each pint of the rhubarb, etc.) which has been soaked in sherry; as soon as the gelatine has melted, remove the pan from the stove; pour the contents into a basin, and let them cool. Whip a pint of cream until it is very stiff, sweeten it slightly, and when the rhubarb is cold, but not set, mix it with the cream; colour with carmine, whisk well for a few moments, and pour into a fancy mould. When it is set turn it out of the mould, and decorate the cream with alternate lines of blanched almonds and pistachio nuts which have been cut into strips of equal length.

SEAKALE AIGRETTES.

Boil some seakale in milk until it is tender, drain it, let it get cold, and cut it into small pieces about one inch in length. Put half a pint of cold water into a saucepan with one ounce of butter, and as soon as it boils stir in gradually four ounces of potato flour (Groult's Fecule de pomme de terre). Continue to stir for about six minutes, when the panada will leave the sides of the pan readily. Take the pan from the fire, and when the mixture has cooled a little add one egg, working it into the paste with a wooden spoon; add a second egg, and then a third yolk only. When the ingredients are well mixed scatter in two ounces of Parmesan and one ounce of Gruyère cheese, grated, and season with celery salt and cayenne. Prepare a bath of fat which is just below boiling point, dip a teaspoon into it, and fill it quickly with some of the cheese mixture; place a piece of the prepared seakale in the middle, cover it entirely, and drop it into the fat. When done the aigrettes should be a golden brown; pile them up on a hot dish covered with a doyley, sprinkle some grated Parmesan over them, and serve as quickly as possible.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.



A SUMMER COTTAGE; COST-£700.

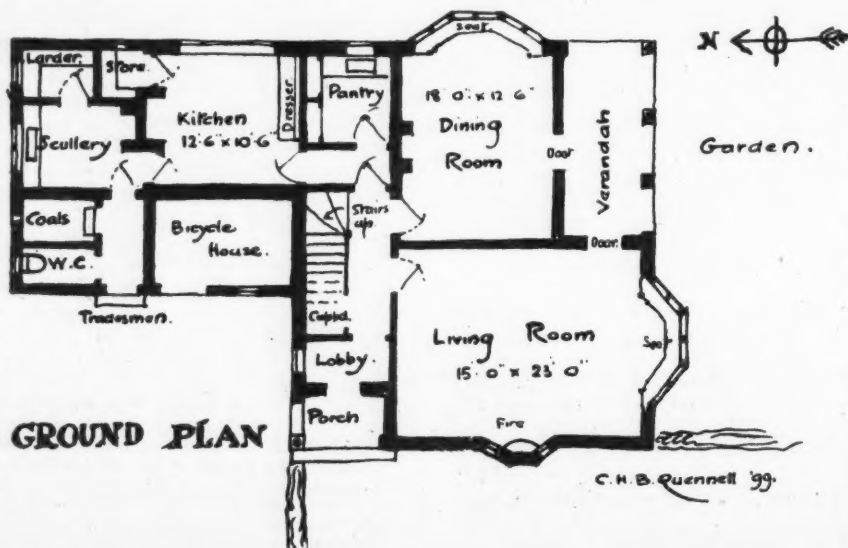
"A HOUSE in the country, not a 'country house,' is what I want," a correspondent writes. "There are hundreds, if not thousands, of persons with a certain amount of leisure, and means too, who do not wish to rent and maintain a real country house with its equipment, but who would gladly rent a *fiat à terre* in some pretty and accessible part of the country, where they can live for a month or two in the summer, send the children when they want change, or go down for a week-end whenever they wish."

We own that this kind of thing is not found everywhere. We have from time to time shown illustrations of charming small manor houses, or old cottages and farms, suited for rental for such purposes. But these have to be taken where they happen to be; and in nineteen cases out of twenty this does not happen to be the place which has taken the fancy of a visitor to some pretty neighbourhood the last time he was on the river, or in Kent, or Surrey, or Berks, as the case may be. We thus give here an illustration and plans of just such a summer cottage as

we think our readers might like to possess, which can be built for the modest price of £700, and has been specially designed by the architect, Mr. Quennell, to meet the wants and uses of people, married or single, who wish to spend most of their time out of doors, and to have a pretty and wholesome small house for dining, sleeping, and "indoor life" when needed. As "man looketh at the outside" first in nine cases out of ten, we give first the outside of Mr. Quennell's cottage. Some of its points are worth mentioning, even at the risk of being told

that we are giving glimpses of the obvious.

A small house need not look petty or mean, neither does this, though very many "bijou cottages" do, because the designer cuts the outside surfaces up needlessly into little patches and bits. This has a fine big gable all of white plaster, and with one side of the roof running right out to the edge of the verandah, of which it makes the ceiling. The air space above keeps it cool. It will also "keep clothes," because you can have cupboards in it inside. The verandah is a good broad one, 8ft. by 16ft., in which several people



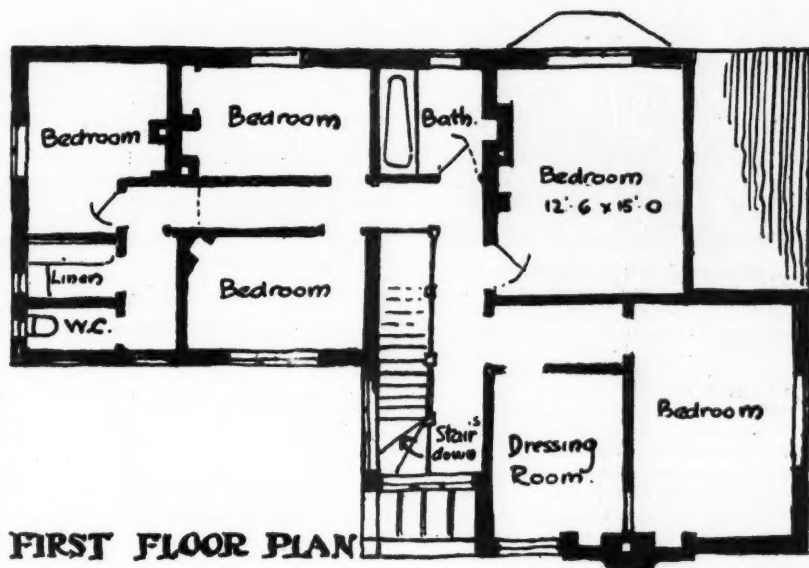
GROUND PLAN

C. H. B. Quennell '99.

can sit and be comfortable, and the roof is supported by stout white pillars, with nothing gimcrack about them. Having said that the plaster is white, we need not add that the chimneys are supposed to be red brick, if we are in a "brick" county, like Surrey or Berks or Kent, for instance, and the walls, up to the first storey, will be brick too. The other outside walls will be faced with tile hanging, which is very pretty and water-tight, and never needs renewing. But the material ought to depend on the locality. This might be one in which stone is

common, or where green Durham slate or stone tiling are used. In each case the result is generally most satisfactory if the *natural* material, used by preference in the locality for centuries, be the one employed.

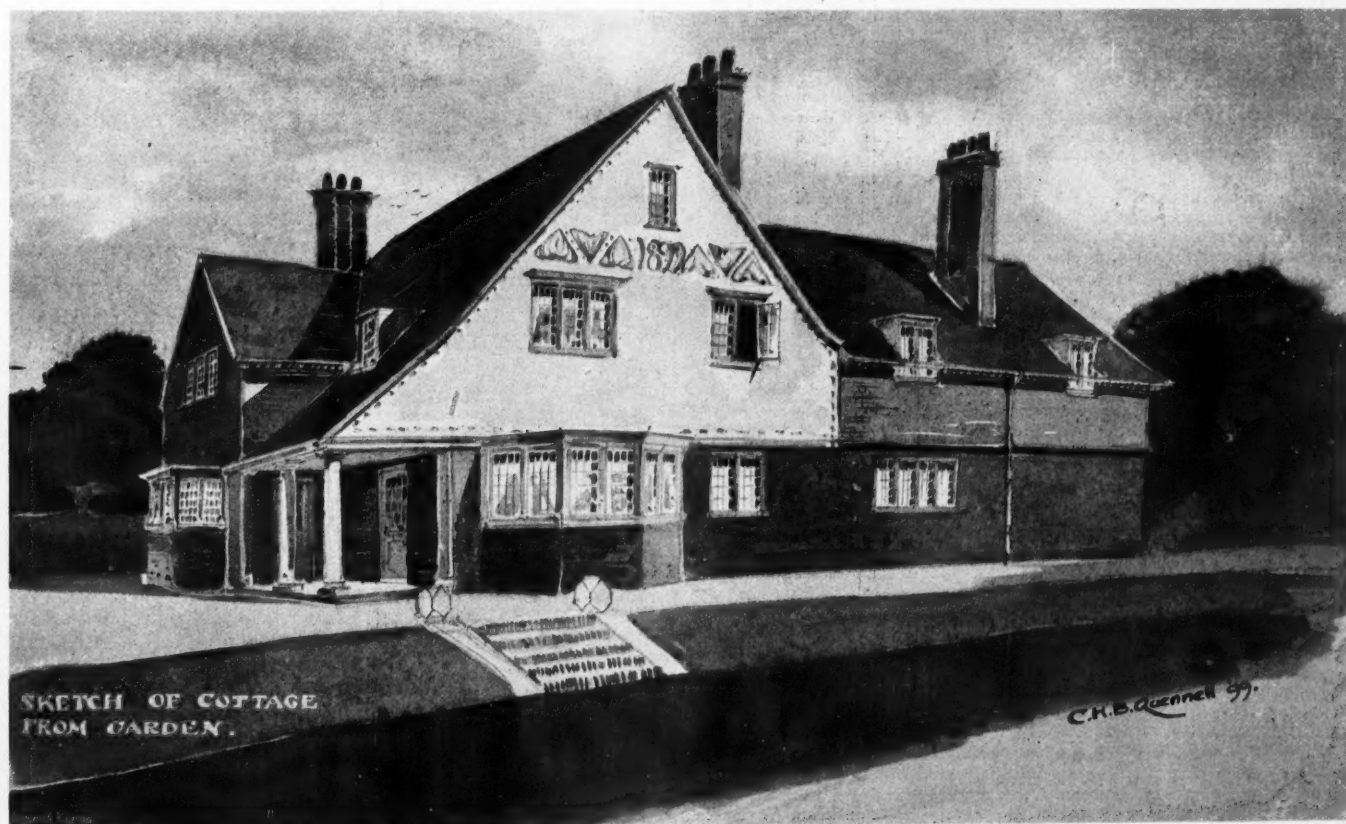
The outside of our summer cottage will probably have convinced our readers (if they had any doubts on the subject at all) that it is much better to employ a good architect who will *think* for you, and find out what you want, and then give you the nearest to this which can be had for the money you wish to spend, than to buy anything a builder has stuck up ready made. We don't buy our clothes ready made, neither should we buy our houses, unless they were also in their time built for people with the same wants as ourselves. An inspection of the interior design of this cottage will show how much room is got in a modest area, and how carefully the special wants—we



do not give that name (it figures in the plan as "living-room") is 23ft. by 15ft., quite a good-sized room. That, too, has a bow window, and of course both dining-room and living-room have good fire-places. The living-room also opens on to the verandah, like the dining-room; so the verandah really acts as a kind of annex to both. The real entrance to the house is beyond the living-room, and opens into a hall wide enough for the staircase to descend into it handsomely.

The servants' quarters on the ground floor are cut off completely from the house by the door

at the back of the hall. There is a good kitchen, pantry, larder, and store-room. The latter are necessary, because in the country one does not always want to be shopping, or shops may be at a distance. There is also a scullery, and a famous bicycle-house, to the right of the back door, big enough to hold eight or nine bicycles if necessary. If not used for this, it is useful enough for an extra room for boots and garden tools. The bedroom floor is full of surprises indeed, considering the little money the cottage costs. We own that the whole design is a temptation to improvident marriages, and feel some responsibility in setting it out here. There are no less than five bedrooms, all with fire-places, and a dressing-room in which a child could sleep. There is also a bathroom (a very necessary thing in the country in the case of sudden chills, even in summer) and a good linen cupboard,



can scarcely call them "hobbies"—of the owners of this one have been considered.

The downstairs rooms are, first, the dining-room with the good bow window, facing us under the gable. It looks east, catches the morning sun, and has a door opening on to the verandah. You do not need a big dining-room for a summer cottage, because you are not going either to sit in it long after meals, or to give dinner-parties. This is 18ft. by 12ft. 6in., not a bad room at all, and very light on account of the big bow window and the glass door on to the verandah. But you do want *one* pretty large sitting-room, because there are such things as wet days, and when the evenings close in in autumn a large room is pleasant for afternoon tea or when neighbours call; so the drawing-room, to which we

of which every lady will appreciate the use. It should be noted that the larder faces north, so the butter will not melt on summer afternoons, and that three bedrooms and a dressing-room look south, east, or west. There are two double bedrooms, so that the owner and his wife could, if they liked, have married friends down to stay with them. The cottage is also designed so that, if desired, it could be enlarged at the back, for which purpose it would, however, be well to begin by buying rather more ground than the acre, or acre and a-half, on which the cottage could well be set. But we should always advise to begin by buying sufficient elbow-room. Ground can always be sold again, generally dearer; but it can seldom be bought cheaper than when you build your house adjoining.



THE Godetias form a charming race of annual flowers, and deserve to be planted not merely in the border but in beds near the house, where in masses one can obtain good effects. The writer sows seeds under glass, and, when the seedlings are strong, plants them out in a fairly rich and sunny position. Very few annuals are of use in the shade. Sturdy growth is needful if one desires a display of flowers over a long period. Fortunately the Godetias last in beauty for many weeks, and a judicious selection gives a variety of colours, from silky white to carmine. We dislike those in which a purplish or magenta shade is present. Unhappily the Godetia is not free from this tint. A very beautiful variety which the writer has used to fill a single bed and also as a marginal plant to groups of shrubs is Duchess of Albany. The flowers are large and pure white, whilst the growth seldom exceeds 1ft. There is a dwarf form of this—not more than 6in.—also with pure white flowers. A pretty effect is obtained by grouping them together, placing the taller form in the centre. Satin Rose, Ladybird (pearly white, spotted with crimson), Apple Blossom (pink and white), and Bridesmaid (white, striped with rose) are also very charming. Remember that severe thinning out will alone promote satisfactory growth. We have pointed out before the evil of too thick sowing, but gardeners still persist in the practice; hence our timely remark.

EARLY SPRING FLOWERS.

The flowers of the early spring are with us, and much beauty is lost to the garden by not planting the early bulbs more freely than is the general rule. There is a freshness and charm about the first flowers of the year denied the things that follow. It may be the leafless trees and absence of colour in the garden and landscape, but to the writer nothing is fresher in the whole year than the Snowdrops, Chionodoxas, early Scillas, Daffodils, and Crocuses. For weeks past *Galanthus Elwesii*, the most beautiful of all the Snowdrops, has been in flower, and lately the little *Crocus Susianus* opened its golden petals to the sun. Besides these flowers the writer has open, in warm spots usually, the *Anemone fulgens*, the glorious Scarlet Windflower, *Saxifraga Burseriana*, *Arabis alba*, the white Rock Cress, hardy *Cyclamens*, *Heaths*, *Lenten Hellebores* (some forms beautifully spotted and blotched with colour), *Iris reticulata*, *I. Bakeriana*, the pretty *I. histrioides*, *Doronicum plantagineum* *Harpur Crewe* (a very early-flowering perennial for the border), *Omphalodes verna*, nestling by a Thorn hedge—its deep blue flowers, bluer even than the Forget-me-not, are richer still against the dark Holly leaves—and, of course, *Daffodils*. *Narcissus minimus* is delightful, its little flowers like those of a big trumpet kind in miniature, and we have found that the bulbs are happy in all well-drained soils. *Princeps* is in bloom, and the rising sheaths show that ere long a golden host will gladden the garden. Very soon the *Chionodoxas* will be fully out. There are three of these worth growing—*C. sardensis*, which is almost self deep blue, the blue and white tipped *L. Lucilæ*, and the larger *grandiflora*, or *gigantea*, as it is also called. We have tried other kinds, but these are the most distinct. The writer has a deep love for the *Muscari* or Grape Hyacinths, spring flowers of fresh beauty. *Conicum* has been planted rather largely, not merely upon the rock garden, but on a sunny bank, and the effect of a sheet of deep blue, as blue as the sky above, is unusual. Visitors sometimes wonder what flower this is, so deep, so free, and so beautiful in the spring sun. Others are as charming in every way, the family containing plants with flowers of many pretty shades of blue, but none so deep as *Conicum*, which is sweetly fragrant too.

PREPARING THE SUMMER BEDS.

When the bulbous flowers are past their best, one must commence to consider the summer plants, and before purchases are made it may be useful to make a few suggestions. If one has been wedded to bedders of low-growing kinds, *Alternantheras* and such-like, which require much cutting back, get out of the old groove and try something more natural, freer, and that appeals to the artistic sense. We still find labour in summer spent upon nipping plants back to make them conform to a certain pattern, an endless, expensive work, which finishes only when the frosts make outdoor gardening of this kind impossible. Annual flowers, or rather half-hardy, as *Phlox Drummondii*, *China Asters*, *Zinnias*, *Salpiglossis*, *Chinese Pinks*, *Stocks*, and similar things, are very effective in beds. We have no wish to drive out the gay *Pelargonium* from the pleasure grounds; it is the little fidgeting "bedder" that is only permitted to show its leaves that we cannot tolerate. For colour masses the tuberous *Begonias* are superb, especially if the colours are kept separate, or mingled in a charming way, avoiding garish mixtures. We like, too, the sub-tropicals, the *Castor-oil* plants, *Wigandias*, and the *Dahlia*s, which are worth grouping, either in distinct beds, one colour, or shades of colour, in each bed, and not merely planted in the border. There are many ways of creating even now, without disturbing the form of the bed, free and brilliant displays, without importing into the garden wriggling designs or fanciful representations of living things. A bed planted with a white Tufted Pansy, relieved with scarlet *Fuchsias*, will give pleasure throughout the summer. Pansies may be planted now in many spots, amongst shrubs, by the shrubbery border, and in conspicuous beds in the pleasure grounds. It is not needful to stick to the bedders to get colour. The writer had last year a bed of *Mignonette*, with white *Snapdragons* as relief plants. When the *Mignonette* was over, *China Asters* of crimson colour were used instead, the *Snapdragons* flowering into the autumn. This *Antirrhinum* was called *White Swan*. We are pleased to notice that the culture of certain plants for standing out in the garden during the summer is increasing. This is a charming phase of flower gardening. We shall do more of this in the future. Coral trees (*Erythrina*), *Plumbago capensis*, Sweet Verbena (*Aloysia*), *Salvias*, Cape or scented-leaved *Pelargoniums*, *Myrtles*, *Agapanthus*, *Fuchsias*, and shrubby plants requiring just protection from frost in winter, are welcome in the flower garden, or upon the terrace. When used in the beds or upon the lawn, plunge the pots to their rims.

THE FLOWERING CURRANTS.

By the name "flowering" we mean the Currants or Ribes planted in the pleasure gardens or in the shrubbery, to distinguish them from the Currants of

the dessert. Soon the Ribes will be opening their flowers, and in the warmer, more southern climes, they are in blossom already, the brown stems hidden almost with the dainty clusters. *R. sanguineum* is the most beautiful of the entire family, and is familiar in many gardens in springtime. It has numerous forms, one named album with white flowers, but unfortunately the shrub is less robust than the type. *R. sanguineum atropurpureum* and *atro-sanguineum* are the most striking; the flowers are wonderfully rich in colour, especially those of the last-named variety, which we some years since planted in groups. We like the yellow-flowering Currant (*R. aureum*), particularly the variety of it called *aurantiacum minus*, which has much richer flowers, almost orange in colour, and their fragrance is pleasant. We wish those who plant shrubs would seek out some of the varieties, not merely the species, as the former are frequently far more beautiful in colour.

THE GUELDER ROSE, OR SNOWBALL TREE,

is a charming shrub when forced. Its creamy-white balls and tender green leaves are soft and pleasant to see in the late winter months. *Spiræa confusa*, *S. Thunbergii*, both with white Hawthorn-like flowers; *Forsythia suspensa*, *F. viridissima*, streams of golden bloom; *Cytisus Andreanus*, a Broom with golden flowers blotched with velvety crimson, and *Hydrangeas*. Of this last-mentioned race none is more useful than *H. paniculata grandiflora*, and its big creamy-white flower-heads are as handsome as anything one can well get indoors in April. The plants should not be removed indoors until the middle of March. It may be said, why refer to this subject now, when the plants are in flower? but that is the reason why we do so. Many beautiful shrubs may be forced early, and we draw attention to the fact now, so that readers may know the kinds to select for another year.

LAWN MOWERS FOR THE COMING SEASON.—We have received the price list for 1899 of Messrs. Green's patent "Silens Messor" and other lawn mowing, rolling, and collecting machines, garden rollers, etc., which are known the wide world over. The lawn rolling machines are made in many sizes, to suit the various gardens in the land, and we know from personal experience of them that for durability, easy working, and clean cutting they are in every way highly satisfactory. The patent grass edge clipper, the "Handy," is a very useful contrivance, so also is the "lawn tennis marker," necessary in every household where the game is played. The address of the firm is Surrey Works, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E., or Smithfield Ironworks, North Street, Leeds.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—Messrs. T. S. Ware, Ltd., Hale Farm Nurseries, Tottenham, London, send us their pretty catalogue of herbaceous and alpine plants, climbers, carnations, etc., which are now in favour. This catalogue is instructive.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist readers in gardening matters, and to receive photographs and notes for our "Correspondence" columns.

OBSERVATIONS OF A FIELD NATURALIST.

THE LONG-EARED BAT.

THE household is mourning the loss of our long-eared bat; for the tenacity with which the little creature clung to life, and its cheerful acceptance of new surroundings, made it a delightful pet. Cycling in the dusk last summer through an Essex lane, I accidentally knocked it down with the handle-bar of my machine. It fell on the road like a dab of mud, and when I had dismounted and picked it up, it seemed unquestionably dead. So I wrapped it in a handkerchief, stuffed it into my tool-bag, and proceeded to my destination. That was Saturday evening, and on the following Monday I rode home again, some sixty-five miles; and it was not until late on Monday evening that I recollected the dead bat. I extracted the tiny packet from my tool-bag, opened it, and—lo! the little long-eared bat was very much alive, and very hungry! It had chewed half-a-dozen pieces out of the handkerchief, but this was not nourishing, so it was placed in a cage, and fed lavishly upon daddy-long-legs (*Tipulæ*), which were, fortunately, abundant on our lawns at the time, and could be swept up in scores with a butterfly net. Later, when *Tipulæ* grew scarce, he took readily to a diet of scraped raw meat, and used to come eagerly to the cage door to be fed, taking each morsel exactly like a little dog, and eating it with a series of sharp snaps. Then he would half-fly, half-jump, to his water-pan, and drink greedily. He had a pretty fox-like face; and, when the mastication of a piece of meat gave difficulty, he used the thumb-claw of his wing as a tooth-pick. For some months he was the favourite of our family pets—no small distinction, when there were seventeen of them—and knew his meal-times, and watched the preparation thereof, like any dog. As the winter drew on, however, he seemed to lose vitality. He ate slowly, and would sometimes go to sleep with a piece of food in his jaws. Then—a fatal sign—he would sleep without folding back his long ears; and though he lived for some time in a semi-comatose state, his vitality ebbed slowly but surely, and at last he died. But his life had for weeks been so like death that no one knew when the change actually occurred.

TENACITY OF LIFE.

All bats are perhaps equally tenacious of life under adverse circumstances, for I recollect that in India one of the large fruit bats or flying-foxes, which I shot, made a marvellous recovery. I picked it off with a rifle from the top of a tall berry-tree, seeing

its dark shape outlined against the moonlit sky. It fell with a heavy thud upon the drive, and I carried it, apparently dead, indoors. We laid it on a table and stretched out its huge wings, admired its silky, chestnut fur, and left it there for the night, with the hole of the rifle bullet clean through its body. Next morning it was hanging head downwards to a curtain-pole, so we put it into a parrot cage. Here about a fortnight later it—or rather she—gave birth to a dead young one; but for a long time afterwards she lived, perfectly tame, taking bananas or other fruits from our hands whenever we offered them. Indeed, tameness seems to be as characteristic of bats as tenacity of life.

PREMATURE ARRIVALS.

All over Europe the past winter has been upside down in the matter of natural history. In Switzerland, for instance, the first storks were seen on February 10th, an unprecedentedly early date, and the cuckoo, which was heard on February 18th at Cold Ash, near Newbury, must have been a record too. Premature birds like these deserve that the latter part of February should be desperately cold. There is a limit to the liberties which can be taken with our climate.

THE WISE CATERPILLAR.

A creature that never makes mistakes about the weather is the caterpillar. He is a crawling thermometer and barometer combined. In the early part of February, the weather being as soft and mild as that of the ordinary April, the caterpillar was much in evidence—at least his work was. So, as my Doronicums, which make welcome splashes of yellow at the back of the perennial borders in spring, were being eaten level with the ground, I took a lantern one evening and explored. On almost every leaf of each Doronicum fat *Noctua* larvæ, in most cases of the two common yellow underwing species, were gobbling; and in the long grass near the water there were literally hundreds of them. The next evening not one was to be seen, and in the small hours of that night it froze. I did not know that it was going to freeze, but those caterpillars did, and not one put its nose out of doors. Caterpillars have never, to my knowledge, been used as

weather guides, but it would be a pleasing novelty to keep a caterpillar in the hall and tap it when you wanted to know whether to put on an overcoat.

HAWKS IN LONDON.

We certainly want new weather signs in natural history. A decade ago the sight of fifty seagulls so high up the Thames as Staines would have meant the most terribly inclement weather; now it probably means that the gulls are adapting themselves to civilisation plus a Wild Birds' Protection Act. Similarly the occurrence of hawks in the heart of London—they have been seen to carry off pigeons from the Law Courts and the Guildhall—would have seemed almost uncanny some years ago, but now it is accepted as a mere natural result of understood causes. In London there are myriads of sparrows, multitudes of pigeons, and no traps or guns. *Ergo*, the hawks come! Buzzards on the roof of Somerset House, peregrines at the top of Nelson's Column, kestrels in the Guildhall, hobbies in the Law Courts, hen harriers in St. James's Park, and sparrow-hawks everywhere; this is a development of metropolitan ornithology in the near future which would be neither peculiar nor surprising. What bird is there by nature so wild and suspicious as the kite? But in the East you could not throw a beefsteak out of window without the air being darkened by rushing wings. I have seen my *khitmatgar*, worthy soul, coming from the cook-house with a covered dish in one hand and a plate with a roll on it in the other for my breakfast. Then I have seen something like a shadow drift between my open door and my servant, and the next moment he is gazing into the empty sky with an empty plate in his hand. Half a score of squealing kites are fighting about that roll over half a province. In London, where the Legislature is slow to move, hawkdom may before long establish itself so firmly that it will be a common-place to hear an old lady, starting for a walk with her pet dog, exclaim suddenly: "Dear me, where is Fido? He was with me a moment ago; and— What has that large bird on the top of the church got?"

E. K. R.



"A Lady of Quality."

IT cannot be said that "A Lady of Quality" is a disappointment to those who had read the book; it must have seemed to them difficult to find a "sympathetic" play upon the story which—however convincing as a novel, where the author has the time and the opportunities for laying bare the motives which actuate her characters, can lead up to their acts by skilful analysis of the impelling momenta, and prepare the reader for the actions of the people of her imagination—made the heroine a murderess, even if an unintentional one, and made her, also, the plaything of one man and the wife of a second before she and the third, him whom she loves, the hero of the piece, are united. A stage heroine like this could hardly be satisfactory. Such a woman in real life would scarcely be a "sympathetic" person. No doubt it would be very hard on her that it should be so, but the world is a hard place, and the effect would be there.

One may presume that the plot of Mrs. Holgson Burnett's story, "A Lady of Quality," is well known. The romance of the days of Queen Anne; the hoyden brought up till her sixteenth birthday as a boy, swearing, swaggering, bullying, conducting herself as a hobbledohoy; her laughter at such effeminacy as love; her victimisation by the rake, Sir John Oxon; her acceptance of the senile Earl of Dunstanwolde in order to snub the libertine who has jilted her; her meeting with the great and noble Duke of Osmonde when just too late; her hopeless passion for him until the death of her husband offers her release; her forthcoming wedding, endangered by the return of Sir John with a "trophy" of their illicit love, which he threatens to show the Duke; the fury of their quarrel, and the sudden tempest of rage of the much-persecuted woman when she strikes her tormentor with a hunting-crop and unwittingly

kills him; her hiding of the body beneath the sofa, and the stern resolution which enables her to keep silence. These are the incidents of the book; in the sequel, "His Grace of Osmonde," this silence is broken, and her husband is told the truth and forgives her—knowing that in thought, at any rate, she is innocent.

In the play the two stories are united. Osmonde is told as in the sequel, and they live happily ever afterwards. But, though the bare facts of the novel are set before the audience at the Comedy Theatre, all that renders them plausible and interesting is wanting. Isolated incidents do not make a play. We must be given at least a glimpse of the inner workings of the minds and hearts of the people represented. Without that, the thing sinks into the merest melodrama. The inevitable result is that we care very little what happens to Lady Clorinda Wildairs, Sir John Oxon, or His Grace the Duke of Osmonde. We see Clorinda strike Oxon dead, but there is no catastrophic interest attached to it. Why, we ask, should the possessor of a lock of her hair be assumed to have proof positive of her *liaison* with Sir John, proof sufficient to persuade so earnest a lover as His Grace that the woman he adores made a *faux pas* in her youth? Why should Oxon and Clorinda herself believe that the mere possession of her tresses should prove her guilt? Lady Clorinda never minded lying when there was a great purpose to be served; she would certainly have denied Sir John's story and very easily accounted for his possession of her ringlet. Any man can snip off a piece of a woman's hair if he has scissors handy. This is one of the main faults of the stage version of "A Lady of Quality." But it is only one of them. The play is sketchy; there are no characters with the irresistible mark of truth upon them, none of them which obtain any hold on the imagination. There is no climax of interest, though the murder has a spasmodic and momentary power, which, however, immediately evaporates.

There is an indefinite sense of something lacking about the whole play; there never seems any real reason for its existence. It does not charm, it does not arouse pity, tears, laughter, nor does it stimulate the imagination. It is one of those aggravating affairs which are not really bad or silly, but which simply fail to convince or to attract.

Things might have been considerably different—though nothing could have made the play an artistically pleasing one—had the acting been on a higher plane. There are few cleverer actresses than Miss Eleanor Calhoun, but she has not the distinctive qualities absolutely necessary to the proper embodiment of such a woman as Clorinda Wildairs. She has not the personality, the commanding physical presence which such a part insistently demands. She has not the power of depicting the terror of the position in which she is placed. The scene of the killing of Oxon she presented with skill and force; but altogether her performance did not realise the conception of the author. The gentleman who represented the Duke of Osmonde—a part which demands an enormous amount of “living up to,” for he is spoken of in terms of adulation by everyone on the stage—gave the thing an air of incongruity. Miss Marie Linden, on the other hand, though far too youthful and attractive in appearance, played most pathetically and sweetly as the self-sacrificing, self-observing Anne; and Mr. Kendrick gave to the part of Oxon a dash and a swagger and a devil-may-care air which was quite in the right vein. Several of the smaller characters were most admirably rendered, and the stage mounting was very handsome indeed.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

THE Censor is “in for it” again; the representative of the Lord Chamberlain in the matter of the licensing of plays for stage performance has by no means a sinecure. But then the Censor certainly does the most extraordinary things. It is not necessary again to specify, but, really, when one sees the plays he allows and knows the plays he disallows, it is difficult to form an idea of the rules he has set down for his own guidance. So far as one can see, frivolous immorality is not barred but serious treatment of the great passions of mankind in works of high aim is taboo. It is absurd to allow farcical impropriety and to forbid classic masterpieces. Take, for instance, the “*Edipus Tyrannus*” of Sophocles, which has been cited recently. Mr. Tree was not permitted to revive this—perhaps the greatest of Greek tragedies—although it was actually performed before the students at Oxford. That it was played there in the original Greek hardly affects the point, for it may be assumed that the young men who composed the audience were familiar with the tongue. The authorities of the University seem to exercise a nicer discretion than the gentleman who has the London stage under his thumb. Modern suggestiveness in the shape of certain farces and musical plays is not allowed, but classic tragedy is accepted. This is a reversal of the policy of the Licensor, and it is logical where the latter is illogical. One of these days there will be a complete revolution in such matters of Art, and people will wonder how ever the old state of affairs was allowed to exist so long.

One learns with regret that Miss Ellaline Terriss will not be seen in “*Carnac Sahib*” at Her Majesty’s after all. It would have been a most interesting engagement; but no doubt Mr. Tree has secured the services of an actress, Miss Eva Moore, equally suitable to the part of the innocent girl which Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has drawn as a contrast to the somewhat flamboyant character of the lady to be impersonated by Mrs. Brown Potter. One hears a great deal of the overcrowded state of the dramatic profession, and no doubt it is sadly overfull in the lower branches; but whenever a manager wishes to go outside his own company for the representative of a certain character, masculine or feminine, he has nearly always the greatest difficulty in the world to secure the exact embodiment of the part he wishes to fill. It may safely be said that there are not half-a-dozen actresses who would satisfy Mr. Tree’s requirements for the part he wished Miss Terriss to play—and what is true in this case is true pretty well every day. One is frequently asked by managers, “Do you know anyone who could play such-and-such a character?” and the reply is quite as often as not in the negative.

Miss Jessie Huddleston has been secured for the character of the heroine in the comic opera—adapted from the French of “*L’Amour Mouillé*”—shortly to be seen at the Lyric Theatre. Miss Huddleston was a charming Gretel in Humperdinck’s work when it was done during the grand opera season at Covent Garden, but she is best known to us as the delightful Alesia of “*La Poupée*,” in which part she succeeded the original representative in this country—Mlle. Favier, who appeared in it for a short time only. Miss Huddleston was the Alesia for the whole of the long run of “*La Poupée*,” though Miss Stella Gastelle replaced her in the short revival. It may safely be said that neither her predecessor nor her successor rivalled Miss Huddleston’s popularity. She has a beautiful voice—trained for the serious and romantic school, and so more than capable of giving to lighter music all its charm—a pretty presence, and an insouciant manner. Her appearance in “*L’Amour Mouillé*” seems to augur that, from the musical point of view at least, we are to have something a little superior to “*musical comedy*.”

The same thing applies to music as to dancing. The artist to whom the highest work is not impossible will give to the easier branches of it a finish and a grace not otherwise obtainable. One remembers the time when “*skirt-dancing*” could not be praised without deprecating the old Italian school. It was held that the professors of the latter could not emulate the grace and charm of the exponents of the newer style. Then, one day, Mme. Legnani, the *première danseuse* of the Alhambra, donned the frills and lingerie of the “*skirt-dance*,” and astonished us all by giving a solo which for beauty and quiet grace could not have been surpassed even by Miss Kate Vaughan. So with music, of course. How one would like to hear Melba, for instance, sing the part of the heroine in “*Orphée aux Enfers*”—what a delight that would be.

It is interesting to note the development of our young actors. We have seen how the old stagers deserted burlesque for comedy—Mr. Edward Terry

may be cited as a famous example of a progression which was so common that it was almost the rule rather than the exception. We find the same state of things, the same sort of development going on to-day. Take the case of Miss Constance Collier, for instance. We knew her for a long time as a handsome young lady who had a few lines to speak in the burlesques at the Gaiety. But she since has played an important part in “*One Summer’s Day*” at the Comedy, and played it admirably; and now, in “*The Cuckoo*” she is giving a very clever piece of character acting. Mr. Seymour Hicks, also. True, he first made his appearance in non-musical pieces, but his successes were made, he became really known to the public for his young rakes and scarifiers, in Gaiety musical comedy. But, in “*The Dovecot*,” he branched out into comedy; he has made a great success in costume comedy—perhaps a higher branch still—at the Court, and he was offered by Sir Henry Irving one of the leading characters in “*Roquespierre*” at the Lyceum.

PHŒBUS.



March 14th, 1899.

MY DEAR ROGER,—

I have just been talking to George L—, one of my smart young friends, from whom I occasionally gather gossip, more or less interesting, concerning the doings of the *haute monde*. He tells me that town is now waking up, and it begins to look as though the season were going to be a very bright one. The principal “to do” of the week seems to have been the Supper Club dance, which he tells me, however, though nominally a fancy dress one, was in reality nothing of the sort; most of the men turned up either in hunting pink or with their evening dress turned into Windsor uniform by the addition of red collars and cuffs fastened to their coats. Among the ladies were a few fancy dresses, but none which were at all striking. Dominoes, and some of those even exceptionally plain, were the chief order of the evening. However, in every other respect the dance was an excellent one; the supper arrangements were good, and the rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers. He tells me also that people are talking about the engagement of Mrs. Ashton, widow of the millionaire iron-master, to the Earl of Scarborough. Lord Scarborough is a good-looking popular fellow, and Mrs. Ashton is one of the most beautiful women in London Society. Her jewels, most of them given to her by her late husband, who had a fancy in that direction, are magnificent. Among other things she has one of the finest emeralds for form, colour, and size in existence, while her pearls are also notable. The visit of Lady Mary Sackville to New York next month, where she is to stay with the George Goulds, is also gossiped about. She is one of the prettiest of London girls, and one of the best dressed; she met and saw a great deal of the Goulds when George Gould was over here sailing his yacht against the Britannia. It was thought at the time, I remember, that Lady Mary and young Howard Gould were going to make a match of it, but even at that time the boy was *épris* of the beautiful American actress who is now his wife, and there was really never anything at all in the current gossip, though it is an open secret that nothing would have given greater pleasure to the Gould family.

Everyone has been talking during the last week about the report of the Special Committee of the London Chamber of Commerce upon Illicit Commissions. Of course, to anyone who knows anything at all about London business affairs, the facts brought forward in this report are in no sense a revelation. That business transactions rest upon a very foundation of what, from one point of view, is nothing more nor less than bribery, has for long been known to everyone; and it is a curious commentary upon the boasted honesty of England as a nation that, save in Oriental countries, there is no community where the system flourishes as it does here. Friends of mine, who have had much to do in a business way with America, tell me that in that country of political corruption and bribery the commission system prevails scarcely at all in commercial affairs. I shall be curious to see whether the present outcry will have any practical results. Of course, if the custom of giving or taking a secret commission were to be ticketed by the law as being a criminal act, many of those who now practise the custom without bothering their heads as to its morality or immorality would refrain therefrom. But still these would form a very small minority, and it is always difficult to draw the line between what is legitimate and what is illicit. The morality of all business, after all, is always debatable, for the very genius of it is that one man should gain an advantage over another.

The *Chronicle* seems to have scored journalistically by its publication of what it delights to term the Esterhazy revelation. My friend C—, who is a store-house of journalistic gossip, has given me the details of Esterhazy’s first visit to England on the business of marketing his precious revelations. A couple of

American journalists with an English colleague formed a little syndicate to finance the affair, but when Esterhazy found out that they were going to make a large profit on the transaction he struck for higher remuneration for himself. He talked freely enough, and frankly admitted that he was practically the author of the Bordereau, but he steadfastly refused to put his name to any statement, and so his confession was commercially worthless. He was eccentric to a degree in his personal habits, and his brief stay in London was a period of not unmixed delight to his hospitable entertainers. As is well known, he returned to the Continent, though not to Paris, without having disposed of the goods which he was brought over here to deliver.

The next election of the Academy is to take place towards the end of the month, and I hear that though in the ordinary course of things it is an architect's turn, it is highly probable that the new Associate will be a sculptor. The fact is that there seems to be no architect, with the possible exception of Mr. Aston Webb, who is clearly marked out in the minds of the Academicians as being worthy of inclusion in the sacred body. On the other hand, there are several sculptors who ran Mr. Goscombe John very hard at the last election, and the death of Harry Bates has again lessened the supply of sculptor Academicians who are available as visitors to the Academy modelling rooms. So that, in order to carry on the work of the schools efficiently, the election of another sculptor is almost a matter of necessity.

According to Lord Wemyss, the generous American banker who has given £5,000 for the electric lighting of St. Paul's Cathedral, with a view of properly displaying Sir William B. Richmond's decorations, would seem to have hardly bestowed his money to the best advantage. Judging from Lord Wemyss's letter in the *Times* the other day, it would be better if what he terms the "decorative destruction" of the cathedral were kept carefully out of sight instead of being forced into public view. It is not only that he objects to the mosaics, but to the stencilling and other painted decorations which have been applied to the stone work. A letter from an anonymous artist is also reproduced by the *Times*, which declares that Richmond's work would make Sir Christopher Wren turn in his grave. Of course there are always to be found cavillers who delight in finding fault with any public scheme of art work or decoration, but there is not the slightest doubt that in artistic and professional circles the general opinion is in accord with that of Lord Wemyss. That an artist who had gained his fame in the field of portraiture should have been called in to carry out one of the most important decorative works in England was of itself sufficient to foredoom the work to failure. So that according to experts both his mosaics and stained glass possess all the technical faults which might be expected in work so far akin from that of the portrait painter.

Yours as ever,

CHARLES TOWNLEY.



WHEN it behoved us to send in these jottings last week, the result of the second half of the great foursome between Pau and Biarritz had not yet come to hand, though the match had been played. The result, it appears, was mighty interesting. Biarritz, represented by Mr. Eric and Mr. Harold Hambro, had gone to Pau with seven holes to their credit that they had annexed at Biarritz. At Pau Mr. Charles Hutchings and Mr. Boreel were on their native heath, and their game showed a deal of improvement in consequence. On the first round the brothers Hambro held their own fairly well, for they had lost only two of their original lead of seven at luncheon-time. But after luncheon they began dropping holes in an alarming manner. All parties seem to have played good golf, but Mr. Hutchings was putting in a peculiarly deadly style, and this it was that pulled down the lead of Biarritz—pulled it down until Pau actually stood a hole up, with four holes to go. The fifteenth saw the Pau men in trouble, and some good play by Biarritz gave them one of the next two also, leaving them at dormy one. The last hole was excellently halved in three, and the exciting match finished in Biarritz's favour by a single hole.

The principle of Government by Party seems to have entered into the counsels of the management of the Parliamentary Tournament sitting in Committee Room No. 10. There has been dissatisfaction with the interminable length to which this tournament commonly stretches itself out. Last year, in particular, the final was very long delayed, but for this there were exceptional and imperative reasons. In the ordinary course, however, it was felt that the thing took too long, so Lord George Hamilton proposed a drastic measure to the effect that the event should be decided by two rounds of Bogey play in a single day, at some seaside green not too inaccessible—say Sandwich or Littlestone. The proposal was a little too drastic, yet it seemed to the wisdom of the legislators to be in the right direction, and the outcome of some further discussion was that a compromise was carried. There will be play by

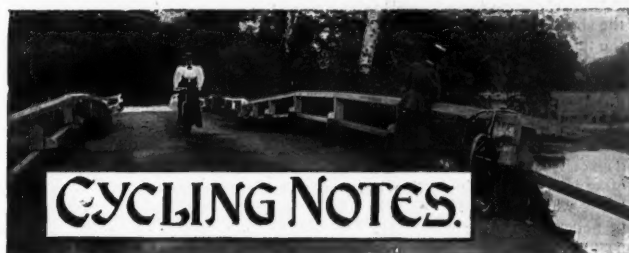
Bogey or by score on a single day to cut down the numbers to the moderate figure of sixteen. And these sixteen will then have the fun of tackling each other tournament fashion, after the old manner.

At Oxford the Bogey score was beaten, for a change. Mr. C. T. Lawrence was two up with allowance of five strokes, and Mr. Pullen one up, with the same allowance.

And Mr. Low has had his revenge on Mr. A. C. Lawrence, the Cambridge captain, on the occasion of the Past and Present match. Past was led by Mr. H. M. Braybrooke, who whacked Mr. P. W. Leathart by eight holes—no less—and this was followed up by Mr. Low coming in with seven to the good of Mr. Lawrence. This gallant start just turned the scale in favour of the "old boys," who had a strong lot all down the list. Twenty-four holes was the total won by the Past, and the Present had fourteen to their credit. It was well done of the veterans, seeing that the undergraduates had all the pull in knowing the course so intimately.

The competition for the scratch medal of the Biarritz Club went curiously. Mr. W. E. Koller holed the course in 79, and he lost a stroke, as we understand, in this from accidentally moving his ball. The day was very windy, so that this was an uncommonly good score. Mr. Eric Hambro was 81, Mr. Harold Hambro 84, Mr. Patrick 85, and so on. Mr. Nigel Martin Smith was also a gross 85, and his seven strokes allowance brought his nett score down to the lowest returned, namely, 78. So he won the handicap. On the next day, for the monthly medal, there was no wind, but again 78 was the winning figure, returned this time by Mr. Clarke. Mr. Harold Hambro, in this event, had the best gross score—79.

At the Blackheath Club's meeting Mr. F. S. Ireland, as usual, was the lowest scorer, with 108, which a penalty of three brought to 111 on the nett list. At this he was equal second with Mr. J. G. Gibson, with 114—3=111, the winner being Mr. G. Spurling, at 124—14=110.



ABOUT the time of the recent cycle show I discussed the prospects of the "free wheel" idea, and expressed certain doubts as to its desirability from some points of view, although open to conviction should experience remove the fears I entertained. Since then I have been experimenting, and also taking stock of the experience of others, including three or four riders of all but world-wide celebrity. Opinions on this subject are by no means unanimous. Some find the free wheel the essence of delight; others regard it with absolute dread, as the result of sundry severe croppers. In some cases the latter have been due to side-slip, and in others to the too rapid action of a back-peddalling brake. One rider I might mention, whose name was once in everybody's mouth, and whose skill is beyond question, was thrown over his handle-bar a few days ago when experimenting with a free wheel machine, whilst two or three writers on cycling topics have reported themselves damaged owing to their attempts to determine the virtues or otherwise of the free wheel system, and one has even declared that wild horses will not induce him to mount such a machine again.

On the other hand, there are those capable of forming a practical judgment on the subject who are genuinely smitten with the free pedal. For my own part, I have not come any croppers; but am none the less comparatively lukewarm with regard to the subject under discussion. Whether the average rider is safe with a free wheel machine is chiefly a matter of the type of brake he employs. He should chiefly depend upon a rim brake acting upon the front wheel, and should by no means have a machine the retarding influence upon which is only exerted through the agency of a rim or tyre brake acting on the driving wheel. A brake of the latter kind should be resorted to only as an auxiliary, and, indeed, provided the front wheel rim brake is properly fitted, it will rarely be necessary to use the rear brake at all.

The rear brakes are of more than one type. There are those which can be set in action at any moment during the revolution of the crank, and there are others which can only be actuated when the foot has reached a certain position. It is the former type which is causing most of the accidents. The rider, we will say, suddenly becomes aware of the advisability of retarding the machine; and, conscious of the fact that no back-peddalling power is available, in the ordinary sense of the term, he wants to bring his brake into action as quickly as possible. Were it otherwise, moreover, he would probably effect the same end, from the fact that retarding power cannot be applied by means of the feet with the same nice modulation as by means of the hand. The effect of these two factors is that the brake is jammed hard on and the rider is jerked forward, while at the same time a fall may be precipitated owing to the skidding of the wheel. The prospect of this happening is, as I have said, a matter of degree, dependent upon the type of back wheel brake employed; but with either it is by no means remote in the earlier stages of the rider's acquaintance with the free wheel. Hence I can only advise everyone who desires to make experiments with machines of this type to proceed with caution in the first instance.

To moralise upon a man's death is the reverse of pleasant, but in view of the numerous brakeless riders still about, one cannot but comment upon the fatal accident to a rider in Richmond Park. The evidence adduced at the inquest showed only too clearly that the disaster might have been averted if the deceased rider had carried a brake on his machine. As it was, he was simply at the mercy of his own momentum, and could not get out of the way of a pedestrian who was passing. Dead men cannot speak, and one can only speculate as to the reasons which have led cyclists who may have been killed to decline to avail themselves of so simple a measure of precaution as is involved in the fitting of a brake. In the present instance, however, one may reasonably presume that the rider shared the opinions of his companion, who deposed at the inquest that he never used a brake himself, as no perfect brake had been invented, and he therefore preferred to use his shoe! When one views the actual perpetration of folly of this kind, one could almost ask that brakes should be made compulsory, if only to protect the reckless and incapable against themselves.

The annual meeting of the Cyclists' Touring Club last Friday evening at the St. Martin's Town Hall was very largely attended, and the proceedings were very harmonious. It would have been strange had they been otherwise, with everything *couleur de rose*, a balance of £15,000, a colossal membership, and a greater number of renewals than in any previous year. The annual report was adopted without dissent, and the other items of the agenda consisted of proposals by private members which failed to receive sufficient support. One was sorry to note the fate of the motion as to footpaths. A member moved: "That the Council should be requested to use their best endeavours to secure the introduction into Parliament of a Bill to legalise riding on footpaths by the side of the high road in rural districts only, or where the badness of the roads makes it necessary." This was certainly too drastic for the present state of public feeling, but an amendment was proposed to much more practical effect, namely: "That it be an instruction to the Council to endeavour to get a clause into the London Government or other Bill making it legal to wheel a bicycle upon the footpath when the roadway is blocked or in bad condition." On a vote, 54 voted for the amendment, and 35 against; but on the amendment being put as a substantive motion, the result, strange to relate, was 38 for and 42 against. Had it been carried, the amendment would have gone forth as an important expression of opinion on a subject which affects all cyclists, and upon which many of them feel deeply.

THE PILGRIM.

THE TESTING OF AMMUNITION

BOTH sportsmen and gun-makers have occasion to test the qualities of ammunition, as well as of guns, and up to a point the testing process is the same for both. By shooting at the target the pattern and spread of the shot is ascertained to be good or bad, according to the number of pellet marks the target shows, and the manner in which they are placed thereon. Gun-makers draw a distinction between an ordinary and a selected pattern, the latter being now the one usually taken in all practical testing. To obtain a selected pattern a square 4ft. target of sheet-iron is necessary, the pattern being taken by drawing a 30in. circle round the closest group of pellet marks made by each shot on the sheet-iron. The target is divided into four equal squares, with a bull's-eye of 1½in. diameter, surrounded by a small circle 5in. in diameter, inside the larger circle of a diameter of 30in. The bull's-eye is painted black, and the rest of the target whitewashed, the whitewash being renewed after every shot. The number of pellets in the charge of shot is tested and ascertained by means of a shot-counter, in which there are an exact number of holes corresponding to the charge desired. When these holes are all filled and no shot remain loose, the charge is correct to a pellet. As to the powder charge there is equal necessity for precision, if comparative tests are to be made; but after one charge has been carefully weighed in glass scales it is easy to procure a measure from which the powder charges can be accurately gauged to less than half a grain without weighing them. Where greater accuracy, however, is desirable, every charge should be accurately weighed. Pattern is ascertained by using a standard charge of 1 1-8oz. of No. 6 shot, numbering 304 pellets, and the powder charge of 3 1-8drams of black or 40grs. to 42grs. of nitro-compounds of the older varieties, such as Schultze, E.C., or ambrerite, while of the concentrated nitros, such as ballistite, Walsrode, and cannonite, from 26grs. to 35grs., as specified by the manufacturers. That charge in being fired out of a 12-bore gun at 40yds. should regularly put 140 pellets on the 30in. circle, although 130 pellets is the average of a good cylinder 12-bore. To exceed 130 to 140 pellets the gun must be more or less choked in the barrels; but as choke-bores are now seldom used, we need not give the patterns made by the various degrees of choke. But the mere counting of the pellets in the 30in. circle does not finally determine the value of the pattern, for there is the further question of "spread," or the even or irregular distribution of the pellets over the killing or 30in. circle. When open spaces are shown on one part of the circle, and thick clusters of pellets on the other, the pattern is termed irregular and patchy. The pellets should all be at equal distances from each other, if somewhat closer together in the centre of the circle. They are usually counted on the whitewash by erasing two at a time with the open end of an empty cartridge case. After pattern comes penetration, only less important in the testing of ammunition. For ascertaining penetration there are various methods used, but the simplest and most satisfactory is the use of brown paper pads, procurable from Messrs. Eley Brothers, Limited, and Messrs. T. Pettitt and Co. Messrs. Eley's new pads are now generally used. They are made of forty sheets of stout paper, which are hung up in front of the target and the charges fired at them. A 12-bore gun, with 1 1-8oz. of No. 6 shot, at 40yds. should penetrate, with the two leading pellets, at least twenty-five sheets of Messrs. Pettitt's pads, which would be equivalent to twenty-two sheets of Messrs. Eley's. A penetration of twenty-three or twenty-four of Eley's sheets is distinctly good, and that of twenty-six or twenty-seven sheets is very good. For penetration the powder charge can be varied one-sixteenth of a drachm, until it is discovered with what amount of powder exactly the best

results are procured, and that charge of powder should be adhered to throughout for that particular gun.

Having tested for patterns and penetrations, we now come to the more difficult investigation of velocities and pressures. These can only be ascertained by the use of delicate and somewhat expensive instruments. The instruments used for testing the time occupied in the passing of a charge of shot between any two given points are of various kinds, but the most generally employed is that invented by Captain Le Boulengé, which is used by nearly all manufacturers. By it the time taken in the passing of the shot is ascertained by noting the distance of the free fall of a piece of heavy metal during the interval. Two electric wires are fixed at a certain distance apart, in order to be broken by the shot in its passage. The current through the first wire causes the chronometer, a metal rod, to hang suspended from an electro-magnet, while the current through the second wire enables the registrar, a shorter rod, to hang in a similar manner. On the shot being fired, the magnets cease to support the two rods. They both fall, the chronometer on the breaking of the first circuit and the registrar on the breaking of the second. The dropping of the registrar releases a knife, which indents the zinc tube of the falling chronometer, the higher up the dent made on the chronometer the lower being the velocity, while conversely the lower the dent the higher the velocity, and, of course, the shorter the time in which the shot has travelled the fixed distance from the muzzle of the gun. By a published scale the varying velocities, registered by the chronograph, can be quickly arrived at. The readings are in metres, forty metres being accepted as equivalent to 43yds. At this distance numerous tests have fixed the average velocity of the six best-known nitro-compounds at 829.44ft. per second, the highest being 872.72ft., and the lowest 802.72ft. Any record between these two velocities may be regarded as up to the mark.

Pressures again are taken by another instrument, termed the "crusher gauge." It consists of a heavy strong barrel, similar in size and shape to the barrel of a gun, with holes bored at measured points between breech and muzzle. In these holes tight stoppers are fixed, and above them are leaden discs kept in their places by screws. These discs are crushed between the stoppers and the screws on the firing of a charge in the chamber of the barrel, and the measure of their compression gives a basis for a calculation of the force exerted by the powder on ignition. Such force or pressure is usually expressed in tons per square inch, for the working out of which from the leaden discs a table is published. The most important pressures are those taken 1in. from the breech. The average pressures there of the six best-known nitro-powders is 2.14 tons per square inch, the highest being 2.74 tons, and the lowest 1.51 tons, as ascertained by numerous careful tests. Along the barrel, of course, the pressures are very much less, and towards the muzzle, as a rule, they almost entirely disappear. But between the two average pressures quoted safety can be assured. In fact, with what are termed bulk nitros safety is absolutely certain, even though considerably more than 2.14 tons should be shown by the crusher gauge, the guns being proved to stand more than double the pressure mentioned. But with the concentrated powders very much greater care is necessary, as they are of a size that can very well be accidentally doubled in the case without attracting notice. The pressure in that event would rise very materially, for it could not be calculated that only double the ordinary figures would be shown, varying as all pressures do with such powders unaccountably, not always in proportion to the sizes of the charges used. In other words, pressures are not found to increase in precise proportion to the increases in weight of the powder charges, and an accidental double charge of powder might in certain circumstances develop treble the usual pressure, which, of course, would be much above the pressure for which a gun is proved. Hence, though concentrated powders may be the powders of the future, gun-makers at present seem to be exhibiting all their old partiality for the bulk varieties of nitro-compounds, solely because the standard charge exactly fits the 2½in. cartridge-case, and there is therefore no fear of accidents by loading the case with a double powder charge. NEVIS.



THE National Hunt season of 1898-99 is rapidly drawing to a close, and when the meeting bearing that title has been disposed of, the Liverpool Grand National is always close at hand, and the end is not far. I have attended a good many of these National Hunt celebrations during the last twenty years, but I do not think that I ever saw one so eminently satisfactory

in every way as that brought off at Hurst Park on Friday and Saturday last. In the first place the weather was very exceptional for the month of March—on what bitterly cold days have I at different times watched this meeting and wished it were all over—in the second the sport was really good, and in the third Hurst Park is the best place I know of at which to combine pleasure and business of this description. The first event on Friday's card was the Maiden Hurdle Race Plate, for which the Kempton Park winner, Cherry Heart, started favourite. On that occasion Spook, who had looked a trifle big, jumped slowly and ran badly. Indeed, I wrote in these notes at the time that he did not appear to relish the job at all. Since then he has performed again at Gatwick, and the two outings appear to have done him good. He certainly



W. A. Rouch.

THE BROOK MAIDEN HURDLE RACE.

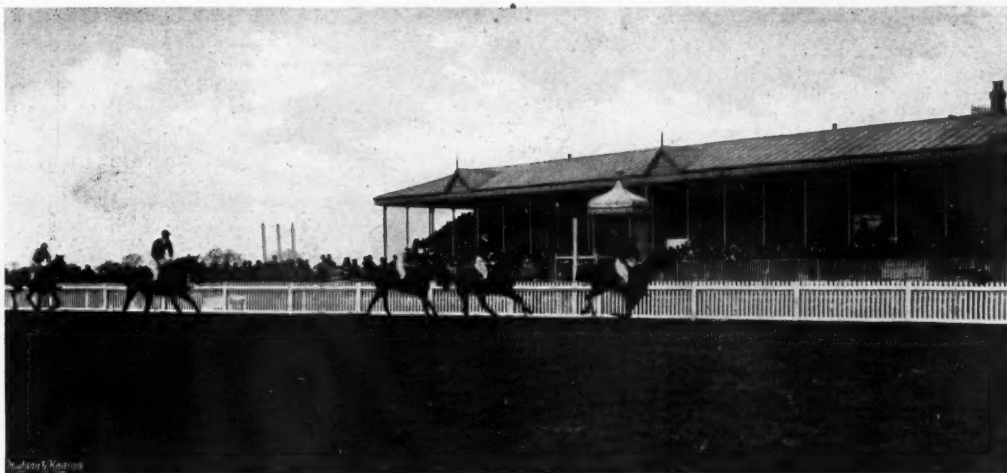
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stripped far fitter than at Kempton Park, and jumped in very different style, so that, going to the front half a mile from home, nothing else had a chance with him for speed, and he won in a canter by six lengths.

This was more like this big, good-looking weight-carrying horse's true form, and if he be only sharp enough he may make a very good jumper indeed. At any rate weight will never trouble him, and he has "class" in his favour. I thought he ran ungenerously at Kempton Park, but I may have been mistaken, or it may have been only greenness. Orzil ran in this race, and what a beautiful goer he is. He jumped well too, and made all the running for nearly a mile, fighting hard for his head, but he evidently cannot stay, even over hurdles, or what is more likely will not try to, and he finished in his usual place—last. Cherry Heart ran well under his penalty, and finished third, two lengths behind the useful but uncertain Velox. The Coombe Handicap Steeplechase was an interesting affair, because Dead Level, who has been for some time quietly fancied for this year's Grand National, but who had failed at Kempton Park to extend Gentle Ida, with a 24lb. pull in the weights, was amongst the runners. He had nothing much to beat, it is true, but he did what he had to do with such ease that people are at last beginning to see what I have all along maintained from the very first—that Mr. Dyas's mare must have a great chance at Aintree on the 24th. On the second day of the meeting we had the National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase of 500 sovs., for which St. Pat, who must have been well galloped at home, was preferred in the market to Merry Monk, who has shown some useful form over hurdles this winter. Of the fifteen youngsters who took part in this two and a-half mile chase, the two named were always in the front rank, and coming away together two fences from home the "Saint" beat the "Monk" easily by eight lengths. In the Novices' Steeplechase, that fine fencer, the old-fashioned True Blue, beat Leach Macha and Glamorgan, and so brought this pleasantest of National Hunt Meetings to a successful conclusion.

To go back to an earlier period of the week, there was plenty of good sport at Gatwick on Tuesday and Wednesday, on the second of which days we had the International Hurdle Race, a revival of the old Croydon event, as an attraction. Kilkerran, who has always been going to set the Thames on fire, was made a hot favourite, but ran nowhere, and the winner turned up in Wales, an undoubtedly good five year old, but one whose gameness has been not above suspicion. The notorious welsher Rampion, who was also amongst the competitors, started second favourite at 6 to 1, and finished second, three-parts of a length only behind the winner; but the honours of the race belong to that charming little horse Bayreuth, who finished third, carrying 12st. 7lb., and giving 30lb. and 8lb. to the first and second respectively. Spook again finished nowhere, but ran much better than he had done the week before, and the gallop no doubt did him a lot of good, as he plainly proved two days afterwards at Hurst Park.

There were two good steeplechases on the first day, the Surrey Steeplechase (Handicap) and the Tantiy Steeplechase, both of two miles and both worth 500 sovs. For the first of these such useful two-milers as Ebor, Morello, Minstrel Boy, North Sea, Mrs. Grundy, Velox, and Turkish Bath were amongst the eleven runners, the first-named being made favourite, with Morello and North Sea next. The French Grand National candidate, Pistache, was also



W. A. Rouch.

FINISH OF THE INTERNATIONAL.

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among those who cantered down to the starting-post, and ran fairly well too, though he can have no chance for "Liverpool" honours. Morello, with 12st. 5lb., ran best of anything, and was made a lot of use of, considering his weight, but he was unable to stall off Barsac, to whom he was giving 30lb., in the run home, and at the last only defeated Minstrel Boy, who was in receipt of 22lb., by a neck, for second place. Turkish Bath got the course safely this time, and finished fourth. This mare will win a nice chase some day.

No fewer than eighteen four and five year olds went to the post for the Tantiy Steeplechase. Not much was known about most of them, and there was a lot of grief, only about half the starters succeeding in completing the course. That smart young hurdler, the four year old New Jersey, by Tristan, jumped in fine style, and won by three lengths from the favourite, Uncle Jack. The winner looks like making a useful horse at the game.

A very nicely-bred chaser is Elliman, by Melton—Recovery, and I knew a long time ago that his connections fancied he had a good outside chance for the Grand National, with 10st. 11lb. In the Stewards' Steeplechase, of three miles and a-half, he finished half-a-dozen lengths in front of Bugle, with Lord Arravale third, and as he will meet both these on far better terms at Aintree, it cannot be much use to send them there. At the same time, I cannot fancy him for a race like the Grand National, any more than I can such as Sheriff Hutton, Lotus Lily, Dead Level, Stalker, Ford of Fyne, and The Sapper, all good stayers, and safe jumpers, I believe, but wanting in class.

In connection with the Lincolnshire Handicap, to which I may perhaps be allowed to make passing allusion here, although by rights it hardly comes under the heading of these notes, the feature of the week has been the market changes in respect of Bridegroom and Uniform, though personally I believe the Water to be the better of the two. Clipstone has been well backed, but I shall, at any rate for the present, still stick to my original fancy, Hawfinch.

The National Hunt Steeplechase.

IN the year 1866 the National Hunt Committee was formed to control the destinies of the then comparatively new sport of steeplechasing. In the year following the National Hunt Steeplechase was instituted at Bedford, and won by Emperor III., ridden by the late Captain Coventry. This race, however, in spite of its high-sounding name, has never been the success it was no doubt anticipated that it would be, although the thousand sovereigns which it is worth usually attracts a big field, and it has occasionally been won by a good horse. On the other hand, it has been taken by some very bad ones, and very few of its winners have ever done any good afterwards. The best horses that have won it during the last twenty years were Pride of Prussia in 1881, Why Not in 1886, Glen Thorpe in 1888, and Innisfail in 1890, and of these Why Not alone earned any further distinction. It may be that its conditions have hitherto led to this result, it being a weight-for-age steeplechase, of four miles, for horses that have never won a race of any description. Now any old horse that has never won a race is probably pretty moderate, whilst I am quite sure that nine four year olds out of ten are ruined by being trained to run four miles. Out of the last twenty winners of this race no less than nine have been youngsters of that age, and not one of them has done anything since.

The National Hunt Meeting has ever been a wandering festival, and has from time to time been held on most of the best-known courses in England, since the afternoon on which Emperor III. won its principal event over the big Bedford course. For the last three years, however, Hurst Park has been the chosen rendezvous, and certainly no better selection could be



W. A. Rouch.

SELLING CURDS AND WHEY.

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made. On Friday and Saturday last the weather was delightful, the going perfect, the arrangements generally as satisfactory as they always are at Mr. Joe Davis's model establishment, and the sport distinctly above the average of these meetings, whilst the proceedings were watched with interest by an attendance which must have been eminently satisfactory to the executive.

Spook having turned the tables on Cherry Heart in the Maiden Hurdle Race, and Old Girl having won the Scurry Selling Hurdle Race, the company adjourned to the paddock to take stock of the twenty-two runners for the big event of the day, the National Hunt Steeplechase. The first of these that I saw was Colonel Meysey-Thompson's Eyeglass, a compact, thick-set five year old, a little wanting in length, perhaps, but all over a good sort, and a knowledgeable-looking customer. He ran well, too, and was one of the best jumpers of the whole lot. Uphantes, who was in everyone's mouth, I thought a commoner, nor did I care much for Walnut, who was also well backed. There was a good deal to like about Mush, whilst Calomel is quite a nice horse, and Castlehead looked like business; but undoubtedly the highest-class horse of the lot was the four year old Pawnbroker, a hard, wiry, useful-looking chestnut, rather light in his neck, perhaps, but with great galloping quarters, and showing more quality than most of his rivals.

It certainly seemed madness to talk of backing anything in a field of twenty-two more or less unknown animals, but backers were nevertheless content to take 4 to 1 about Mr. W. H. Walker's Glen Royal, a five year old bay gelding, by Glenvannon—Royal Naiad, who had twice already run well over this course, and had been well galloped at home, and what is more, he won. It was a pretty sight to see this big field come charging up the course, and gliding over the fences, towards the stands, as the flag fell. A rare pace they started at, too, and very well most of them jumped, until the pace began to tell, and then the grief began. The favourite was always in a good place, and going well, as also was Pawnbroker, until he was seriously interfered with by the fallen Eeos at the fence below the stands. Going along the river-side the last time round, Glen Royal was showing the way, with Pawnbroker, Calomel, Eyeglass, Uphantes, and Mush in hot pursuit, and coming to the last fence only the first-named three were in it. These were running almost in line, Glen Royal on the



Photo.

THE OXFORD SPARE MAN.

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right, Pawnbroker in the centre, and Calomel on the left, with nothing to choose between the three. I remember some years ago hearing Mr. Arthur Yates give the following advice to a beginner who had asked him how he should ride at the last fence. "Ride at it as if it wasn't there," was that famous horseman's reply. Mr. Ferguson, on the favourite, certainly adopted this method, as did Mr. Hampton on Calomel, though unfortunately the latter hit the fence so hard that he dislodged his pilot, who appeared to catch his foot in it. In the meantime, Glen Royal, having jumped away from Pawnbroker, went on, and won by six lengths. Mush was a bad third, and Uphantes fourth. Triton, Walnut, and Eyeglass succeeded these at intervals, and nothing else completed the course.

It was a fine race, and the first two will, I hope, be useful horses another day; but the majority of the remainder will want very clever "placing" to win a race, although I y no means a bad lot of horses from a hunting point of view. I know I should like to have Eyeglass to go fox-catching on. A few years ago, when there were big "countries" to race over, this would have been a good horse. Fortunately none of the fallen riders were seriously hurt, although two

of the horses were so badly injured that they had to be destroyed. It was very satisfactory to everyone to see another winner of this important event hailing from Mr. "Willie" Moore's stable at Weyhill, and altogether it was one of the pleasantest and most satisfactory celebrations of this National Hunt function that I have ever assisted at.

OUTPOST.



Photo.

THE CAMBRIDGE SPARE MAN.

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"TREAT HER WITH CARE."

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THE RIVAL CREWS.

WE ventured to express an opinion a few weeks ago in our "Country Notes" that Cambridge had a better chance this year of checking Oxford's long-sustained career of victory in the Boat Race than for many a year before. The *Times* correspondent takes the opposite view, though experts differ, now that they have had a look at the crews. The truth is, that the conditions under which Jupiter Pluvius has compelled practice to be carried on have made good watermen of the Cambridge men—a quality that their little river gives them no great chance of picking up. Oxford, even when the river is not over the towing-path, as we have so long seen it lately, has opportunities of practice in waves that make the Putney course seem quite familiar. Cambridge men before this have confessed that they felt a little as if they were putting out to sea when first they were launched in the tidal waters. This year they will not feel this strangeness. Apart from all that, they are a right good crew, and the reason suggested above does not by any means explain Oxford's long series of wins. There is a deal in getting hold of the right traditional methods, and it is just this that Oxford has done and Cambridge failed to do lately.

APPOINTMENT OF A CARRIAGE.

BEFORE the beginning of another London season, when many readers will be forsaking their country life and coming up to town, I should like to draw their attention to the very incorrect and incongruous way in which carriages in London are so often turned out.

The fashion nowadays is to have things very plain, very smart and neat; and too much display (except on certain occasions) is not considered in good taste. Carriages and liveries are, as a rule, quiet and subdued in colour; but there has been latterly a tendency to be curiously incorrect and unorthodox in the way different styles are all mixed up. One of the reasons may be that so many more people keep carriages

than formerly, people who have no family traditions to follow, and who, by starting a carriage, are embarking on a new epoch in their domestic arrangements. But it is not only with the new comers that fault is to be found; many of what Mr. Corney Grain used to call "the best people" make mistakes.

One sees servants garbed in full-dress liveries, on small, insignificant carriages; a coachman of immense size is squeezed, with a fellow-servant of the same proportions, on a tiny box-seat, barely capable of holding one of them alone; you see a man driving a carriage clothed in breeches and top-boots and wearing a wig, while his companion has breeches, stockings, and buckled shoes; a diminutive carriage groom is seen perched high on the box of a large C-spring barouche; a large carriage and pair parades along with one servant only on the box. All these anomalies may be seen daily in the London streets during the season. To put it briefly, there are three styles of liveries, and the carriage, harness, and appointments must be *en suite* with each style. To begin with, there is ordinary undress, which consists of plain coats and waistcoats for both servants (of course of any subdued colour) with livery buttons, trousers for the footman, breeches and tops for the driver, plain black silk hats, with or without cockades, and either dogskin or white gloves. This is used with any light carriage—brougham, victoria, small landau, and sociable. The harness for the horses must be plain and simple.

Secondly, there is full-dress, when both servants (never one without the other) are clothed in breeches and stockings and buckled shoes. Their coats ought to be more elaborate, with a large supply of buttons on pockets and sleeves, and very often they are made of altogether different cut to the ordinary undress coats, and have facings and linings of a gayer colour. Gold or silver laced hats and white gloves are *de rigueur*. If the footman has powdered hair, the coachman ought to wear a wig. These things seem small matters in themselves, but if you want your carriage properly turned out they are imperative. Of course this full-dress would look absurd on a small carriage, and so you need not procure it if you do not possess a barouche, large landau, or large double victoria; neither need you go to the expense of getting a set of harness to correspond, which differs from the ordinary style in having ornamented brow-band and nose-band, hip-straps or perhaps long breechings, a handsome supply of crests scattered about, and probably bosses for the cheeks of the bits, and pad-cloths and streamers to match the liveries in colour.

Then there is style number three, only used on State occasions, for Drawing Rooms and Court functions, and which is a luxury most people do without, *i.e.*, the State carriage and appurtenances. In this your fancy may run riot. You may cram all the embossed metal you like on your harness; your liveries may be gaudy in colour (so long as you do not become too theatrical); cocked or three-cornered hats, profusely trimmed with gold or silver, and with aigrettes to match, are worn with this dress, plush breeches and pink silk stockings, and your coachman (who must be by no means of modest proportions) must repose on a hammer-cloth to match with his livery.

These then are three distinct styles, and the various items that make up the whole must not be separated. A laced hat must not be worn in undress; top-boots are out of place where a wig is worn; and to have one man on the box with breeches and stockings, and the other with white leathers and boots, is quite incorrect. You would yourself not wear a straw hat with a frock-coat, and a man who sports flannels and a silk hat is not considered an authority on dress, so why should you allow your servants to be turned out in that mixed style. And now with regard to colour. There is much to say in favour of the dark-hued carriages and liveries now in fashion, but they are very dull and monotonous. I think, as a rule, they are often improved by the addition of a collar of brighter hue, and again that collar is improved by being edged with a gimp of both colours. When I say collars, I mean collars alone, not cuffs; for some reason I cannot explain, coloured cuffs always look clumsy and bad on either livery or great-coats. Of course your carriage is supposed to be of the colours in your coat-of-arms. Sometimes this is not practicable, but generally it can be done. When there is gold in the arms, then have all the metal work (on carriage, harness, and liveries) of brass. If there is silver in the arms, then the metal should be all silver-plated. For instance, imagine your family colours to be blue and white (a not uncommon combination); your carriage would be blue and black, white being ugly on a carriage, your liveries blue, with white collars and waistcoats, white gloves, and silver-plated harness and buttons. What could look neater?

And your servants. Do not put a carriage groom on a barouche or large landau; he is out of place—a footman is the right thing to have; and remember, no carriage, except a victoria, single brougham, or phaeton, ought to go out without a second servant on the box-seat, neither ought a double brougham, or landau of any sort; in fact, no carriage with more than one seat for passengers ought to be seen with a single horse to draw it. Do not put a footman whose height does not exceed 5ft. 4in. into breeches and stockings. In short, do not attempt what you cannot properly carry out. If you have a new servant on your carriage in brand-new livery, which makes his companion (who has been longer in your service) look shabby, put your hand in your pocket and turn them both out in new clothes. Everything, to look well, must be fresh and new. This particularly applies to gold or silver hat-bands. They look dreadful when tarnished. The great offenders in this respect are country doctors and



Photo.

THE MEGAPHONE.

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parsons, whose coachmen, two or three times a week, are dragged unwillingly away from the cowshed, and whose appearance on the box is generally ludicrous, because they are so inappropriately dressed.

These people dearly love a gold band, wonderful top-boots, and breeches of the most marvellous cut. Why not give the man plain pepper-and-salt coat, waistcoat, and trousers, a napless tall hat, and a soft all-round white hunting tie, and then, if you asked him as a personal favour to black his boots, your combination servant would be quite a respectable object.

To look well, a coachman's frock-coat ought to be long and his great-coat short; a footman's exactly the reverse. Needless to say, their liveries ought to be made at a good tailor's, and the servants warned that they are expected to keep them and their hats in good order. In the country it is difficult to persuade servants on the box to hold up an umbrella, as is always done in London; it would do much to save their master's pocket. I don't say we ought to go as far as the parsimonious nobleman in Leech's drawing, who ordered his servants to give him their new hats inside the brougham when it began to rain, but servants are sometimes not too careful about their clothes, and a little more thought on their part might be a good thing.

B. G.



FALCONRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the interesting and instructive article in your issue of February 25th on "Training a Cast of Merlins," by "J. L. N.," the writer rather upsets the usual idea about hacking. He seems to think it unnecessary, "inasmuch as directly their teethers are down and they are able to fly they can be made to the lure and exercised by that means." But, as that greatest of authorities, "Peregrine," pointed out in "Practical Falconry," they can never be so adroit as when flying at liberty. They are then constantly on the wing and practising all manner of evolutions as they play with each other—splendid training for more serious work. "J. L. N.'s" plan of putting a bagged lark in a hole covered over by a small piece of board, with a string attached to it to release the bagman when required, is a most excellent idea. I should like, however, to ask "J. L. N." if, when he says "the merlin can then be put up, etc.," he means that he trains his birds to wait on like a peregrine? It would have added to the interest of his article if he had given us a description of a day's lark-hawking, and whether in single or double flights. Perhaps he may yet be induced to do so.—R. G.

POSTILLION *versus* COACHMAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In looking at some old engravings of carriages, it struck me that the old plan of postillions was so much better than the present way of driving from the box—certainly from the point of view of the people in the carriage, as they must have had so much better a view of the country. The present way limits the view to the wide "stern" view of the family coachman, and the footman, if there is one, also assists in the block. As to looks, how much smarter a postillion looks—well turned out, of course. Are postillions now used by any but Royal personages, and what is the reason they have gone out of fashion? Really a dive at some of the seaside places in one of the hired carriages which a boy rides postillion shows one at once the greater view gained. Is it easier for horses to be driven than ridden? No doubt it is easier for a man to sit still on the box rather than to "bump" along some miles. Any information on this subject will greatly oblige.—SPUR.

[We agree with our correspondent that the old style has many advantages, but it is obviously harder on the horse; this and the inscrutable dictates of fashion have caused it to be almost entirely abandoned.—Ed.]

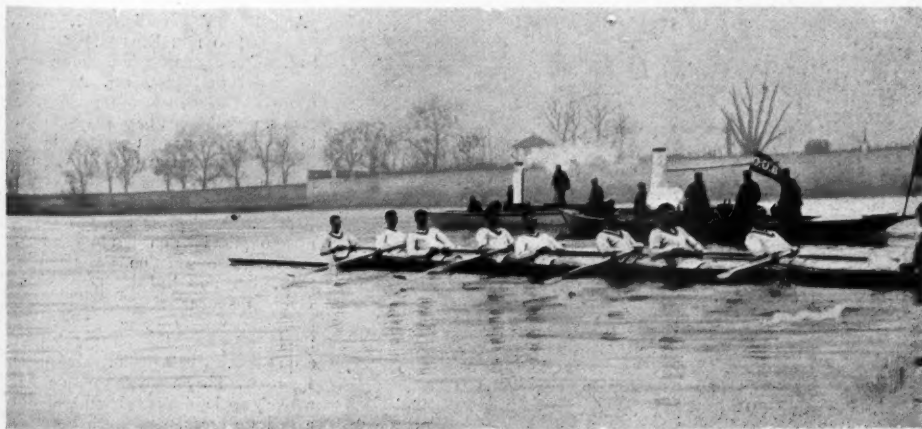


Photo.

OXFORD SPLASHING A BIT.

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TROUT IN THE LONDON RIVER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A 4lb. trout was recently taken below Kew Bridge, by one of the remaining net fishermen on the river, in a net that was being drawn for dace off Strand-on-the-Green. The fish was replaced in the river, but above the tide-way. The cause which led to the appearance of so fine a trout in the London river was the great volume of water which has come down from inland, after the February rains. Otherwise, I imagine, a Thames trout would scarcely take up its quarters in the tideway, though I believe the tidal water is in no way affected by salt so high up, but is merely the river water pushed back by the advance of the sea lower down. But the great rush of fresh water has had a good effect on the whole London Thames. It has washed it clean, and scoured the unwholesome deposits of mud from the banks and sides of the channel. It has also brought down immense numbers of fish from inland, especially roach, dace, barbel, and even pike. Hauls of dace have been caught in numbers with the net, as low down as Westminster Bridge, and the number left to breed, in the already partly-cleaned river, will be great. The pike have stayed mainly in the reaches near Kew Gardens, where one or two were taken last year. One sharp-eyed fisherman made a curious and profitable discovery anent these pike. He saw that they slipped in through the sluices which let in water from the river, under the towpath, into the narrow moat which lies at the foot of the Kew Gardens wall opposite Syon House, and lay there, as the water was flowing in, feeding on small dace and bleak. In this ditch—for it is not much more—he caught one morning some dozen jack, some of which weighed 3lb. As this ditch in summer is almost dry at low water, and seldom holds more than a few little fingerling dace at any time, this invasion by pike is remarkable. Hundreds of peewits have fed all the winter on the market gardens by the river at Chiswick, and have become so tame that on February 26th a few were feeding on Chiswick Eyot opposite the houses. But I hope that the Conservancy will keep a watchful eye on the sewage works for Chiswick, and for Richmond on the other side of the water. The nasty unwholesome stuff which, under the genteel name of "sewage effluent," is being poured into the river needs frequent testing, and every year the quantity discharged is larger.—C. J. CORNISH, Orford House, Chiswick Mall.

TREATMENT OF GORSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a belt of gorse, some 5ft. high, 30yds. long, by 5ft. broad. How would you treat it? If it has to be cut, when, please?—J. H.

[Any time within the next few weeks is suitable for cutting back gorse. You will be pleased with the fresh and beautiful after-growth.—ED.]

COVER FOR GAME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—About four years ago I planted forty acres of light, sandy soil with Scotch fir, spruce, larch, and birch. In some parts the young trees are doing well, but in the driest and most sandy places nothing will grow. I want the plantation more as a covert for game than for the sake of the timber fifty years hence. Will you kindly inform me what you would recommend me to sow or plant, in order to provide cover quickly and economically? Would brambles, furze, or broom (or a mixture of all three) be likely to succeed, and should they be sown, planted, or propagated by cuttings? I may mention that my place is near the East Coast of Scotland.—A. K.

[Why not ask Lord Leicester's estate agent at Holkham? The greatest success of sand-hill planting in the Eastern Counties may be seen there.—ED.]

BIARRITZ GOLF LINKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you by chance, or would any of your readers, very kindly tell me anything about the Biarritz golf links? I am told that they are very much altered and shortened, that some of the best holes have been taken for building ground, and, in short, that the course is quite spoilt, and scarcely worth playing on.—GOLFER.

[It so happens that we are able to tell our correspondent very accurately what he wishes to know. The case is not exactly as it has been represented to him. It is true that many of the holes have been lost to the golfer, and taken by the builder. The famous "chasm" has gone; but there is still a chasm—an iron shot hole. Moreover, the "grouse moor," as it was profanely called, is now only crossed twice instead of four times, for which many will be sincerely grateful. To make up for many losses, there are four or five new holes below the cliff which the old fourteenth green approached. These holes are very sandy in lie at present, but the greens are fair, and there is a peculiar and sporting character about the shots that well makes up for what has been lost elsewhere. It would, perhaps, be hard to say whether the course has gained or lost by its changes; but assuredly it is a calumny to say that it is "spoilt," or that the golf is "not worth playing."



The ladies' course, it may be mentioned, has been much lengthened and improved. Of that there is no possible doubt.—ED.]

MISTLETOE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose two photographs you may think worthy of reproducing in your paper, which I have taken of some of the mistletoe growing in my garden and planted by myself on a small apple tree about twenty-five years ago.—R. P. C.

[We gladly reproduce one of the photographs.—ED.]



PRESERVING THE NATURAL COLOURS IN DRIED PLANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I noticed in your issue of January 21st a short description of a method of preserving the natural colour in dried specimens of wild flowers. I should be much obliged if you would kindly give me some further particulars. Are the flowers placed in the solution directly they are collected? Are they completely immersed, and how long should they remain in it? And are they transferred direct from the solution to the blotting-paper and press without any washing or other treatment? I shall be much obliged if you will kindly give me information on these points in an early issue of your paper.—V. WANOSTROCHT, M.B.

[We have collected and dried specimens of plants for many years, and have some very beautiful examples showing the preservation of the natural colours of the flowers and foliage, and these have been obtained by the simple process of pressing and drying, without the use of a solution of any kind; indeed, we do not know of any direct process that is applicable without modification to all plants alike. The requirements are simple pressure and drying, varying in time and intensity according to the nature of the specimen. Our press consists of a shelf or table, with several large flat books and pieces of cardboard. The drying materials are two or three different kinds of blotting-paper—one thick and rough, such as used in letter-presses, another soft and absorbent, such as ordinary white, and another old sheet of a thin, hard, non-absorbent kind, which is no good for blotting letters; certain kinds of common paper would do as well for this. Take a plant of ordinary cultivation, such as a poppy or primrose. It should be laid out as flat as possible between the thick rough paper and pressed moderately hard for a day or two, then changed on to ordinary white blotting-paper and pressed harder for a longer time, changing the paper frequently at first, and less often as it gets drier, and later on the less absorbent paper may be used. This may go on for two or three weeks, according to the nature of the plant and the weather or climate, which has a good deal to do with it. For instance, we found it much easier to press and dry specimens in Paris than in London. If this process be tried with the two plants above mentioned, it will probably be found that the blossoms are not satisfactory at the end. These we often abstract from the plant and press separately, and even in the case of the poppy press each individual petal separately, and then put them all together again on the final sheet of cartridge paper, the reason being that the delicate texture of the petals requires softer and smoother paper, and less pressure than the rough leaves. The same treatment also applies to plants with delicate leaves, such as the climbing corydalis or bog pimpernel, which make exquisite dried specimens, while plants of a fleshy and woody nature require different treatment, and it is often a great advantage to cut away portions of the stems of flowers. This allows the plant to be pressed flatter and to dry more quickly, and the cut side can always be laid downward on the final specimen sheet. A little practice and experimenting will soon enable one to judge when and how far to apply these processes.—ED.]

A PRETTY WINTER PLANT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph of *Helleborus niger*, var. *Attilifolius*, one of the loveliest of winter blooming plants, may, I hope, be of some interest to your readers. It comes in in November, and in favoured spots, such as South Devon, continues to bloom until the end of January. At first a pure white, the outer petals get a tinge of pink later on. It loves a rich, rather moist situation, sheltered by trees, but not shaded from the sun. *Helleborus niger* *augustifolius* is also a charming variety—pure white; and the later Lenten Hellebores are a great acquisition, coming into bloom in February. They are white, purple, and a lovely apple blossom pink tinged with a delicate green, and much easier to cultivate than the older-established forms of *Helleborus niger*.—SYBIL SAUNDERS H. KNOX-GORE.